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VOL. V.
WALTON'S LIVES.



"Idle time not idly spent."

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M DCCG XXXII.

Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere ;
And out of olde bookes, in goode faithe,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.
CHAUCER.

CAMBRIDGE:
E. W. METCALF AND COMPANY,
Printers to the University.

THE
LIVES
OF
DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, HERBERT,
AND SANDERSON.

BY IZAAK WALTON.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR
AND HIS WRITINGS.

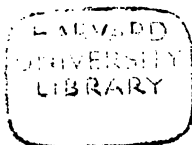
VOL. I.



BOSTON:
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M DCCC XXXII.

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"THERE are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
O, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright
Apart — like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers — or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

WORDSWORTH.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

No one, it is believed, will be disposed to dispute the claims of "Izaak Walton's Lives," to a place in the Library of Old English Prose Writers. They are admitted at an early stage of the series, from the circumstance that these delightful pieces of biography are very little known in this country. Whilst that charming pastoral, "The Complete Angler," is familiar to every one who pretends to any acquaintance with old English literature, the "Lives" are in comparatively few hands. The Editor will consider himself amply compensated for any care he may have expended upon the publication of these volumes, if thereby he shall contribute in any degree to their being more widely known and more justly appreciated.

The present edition, so far as the text is concerned, is an exact copy of Zouch's, which is

generally regarded as the standard. The few illustrative Notes appended to the volumes are selected from the same edition, and from the beautiful edition published by Major, London, 1824.

It is proposed, should there appear to be a demand for it, to insert "The Complete Angler," as a companion, in a subsequent part of the series. The next volume will contain selections from the Discourses of "that apostolic prelate and constant martyr of Jesus Christ, Master Hugh Latimer, sometime Bishop of Worcester."

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1832.

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SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
IZAAK WALTON.*

I PRESENT not to the reader the history of a wise statesman, an adventurous soldier, or a profound philosopher. Yet I trust, that he will experience no small degree of satisfaction from contemplating the virtues of a private citizen ; who, though he arrogates not to himself the splendor of high descent, or the pride of superfluous wealth, deserves our approbation and regard. ISAAC, or, as he usually wrote his name, IZAAK WALTON adorned with a guileless simplicity of manners, claims from every good man the tribute of applause. It was his ambition (and surely a more honorable ambition cannot be excited in the human breast) to commend to the reverence of posterity the merits of those excellent persons,

* This is Zouch's Life, entire.

whose comprehensive learning and exalted piety will ever endear them to our memories.

The important end of historical knowledge is a prudent application of it to ourselves, with a view to regulate and amend our own conduct. As the examples of men strictly and faithfully discharging their professional duties, must obviously tend to invigorate our efforts to excel in moral worth, the virtuous characters, which are so happily delineated in the following pages, cannot fail, if considered with serious attention, of producing the most beneficial and lasting impressions on the mind.

The life of the author of this biographical collection was little diversified with events. He was born of a respectable family, on the ninth day of August, 1593, in the parish of St. Mary's, in the town of Stafford. Of his father no particular tradition is extant. From his mother he derived an hereditary attachment to the Protestant religion, as professed in the church of England. She was the daughter of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, sister to Mr. George Cranmer, the pupil and friend of Mr. Richard Hooker, and niece to that first and brightest ornament of the Reformation, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. No vestiges of the place or manner of his education have been discovered; nor have we any authentic information concerning his first engagements in a mercantile life. It has indeed been suggested, that he was one of those industrious young men, whom the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, had placed in the shops which were erected

in the upper buildings of his celebrated **Burse**. However this **may** be, he soon improved his fortune by his honesty, his frugality, and his diligence. His occupation, according to the tradition still preserved in his family, was that of a wholesale linen-draper, or **Hamburgh** merchant.

The writers of the **Life** of **Milton** have, with the most scrupulous attention, regularly marked out the different houses successively inhabited by the poet, "as if it was an injury to neglect any place, that he honored by his presence." The various parts of **London**, in which **Izaak Walton** resided, have been recorded with the same precision. It is sufficient to intimate, that he was for some years an inhabitant of **St. Dunstan's** in the **West**. With **Dr. John Donne**, then vicar of that parish, of whose sermons he was a constant hearer, he contracted a friendship, which remained uninterrupted to their separation by death. This his parishioner attended him in his last sickness, and was present at the time that he consigned his sermons and numerous papers to the care of **Dr. Henry King**, who was promoted to the see of **Chichester** in 1641.

He married **Anne**, the daughter of **Thomas Ken**, Esq. of **Furnival's Inn**; a gentleman, whose family, of an ancient extraction, was united by alliance with several noble houses, and had possessed a very plentiful fortune for many generations, having been known by the name of the **Kens** of **Ken-Place**, in **Somersetshire**. She was the sister of **Thomas Ken**, afterward the deprived **Bishop** of **Bath** and **Wells**. If there be a name to which I have been accus-

to me from my earliest youth to look up with reverential awe, it is that of this amiable prelate. The primitive innocence of his life, the suavity of his disposition, his taste for poetry and music, his acquirements as a polite scholar, his eloquence in the pulpit (for he was pronounced by James the Second to be the first preacher among the Protestant divines), these endearing qualities ensure to him our esteem and affection. But what principally commands our veneration, is that invincible inflexibility of temper, which rendered him superior to every secular consideration. When from a strict adherence to the dictates of conscience he found himself reduced to a private station, he dignified that station by the magnanimity of his demeanour, by a humble and serene patience, by an ardent but unaffected piety.

In 1643, Mr. Walton, having declined business, retired to a small estate in Staffordshire, not far from the town of Stafford. His loyalty made him obnoxious to the ruling powers; and we are assured by himself, that he was a sufferer during the time of the civil wars. In 1643 the Covenanters came back into England, marching with the Covenant gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto, "For the Crown and Covenant of both Kingdoms." "This," he adds, "I saw, and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning; when I consider this, I praise God, that he prevented me from being of that party, which helped to bring in

this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it." He persevered in the most inviolable attachment to the royal cause. In many of his writings he pathetically laments the afflictions of his sovereign, and the wretched condition of his beloved country, involved in all the miseries of intestine dissensions. The incident of his being instrumental in preserving the lesser George, which belonged to Charles the Second, is related in "Ashmole's History of the Order of the Garter."

We may now apply to him what has been said of Mr. Cowley: "Some few friends, a book, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his companions." In this scene of rural privacy he was not unfrequently indulged with the company of learned and good men. Here, as in a safe and peaceful asylum, they met with the most cordial and grateful reception. And we are informed by the Oxford antiquary, that, whenever he went from home, he resorted principally to the houses of the eminent clergymen of the church of England, of whom he was much beloved. To a man desirous of dilating his intellectual improvements, no conversation could be more agreeable, than that of those divines, who were known to have distinguished him with their personal regard.

The Roman poet, of whom it has been remarked, that he made the happiest union of the courtier and the scholar, was of plebeian origin. Yet such was the attraction of his manners and deportment, that he classed among his friends the first and most illustrious of his contemporaries, Plotius and Varus,

Pollio and Fuscus, the Visci and the Messalæ. Nor was Izaak Walton less fortunate in his social connexions. The times in which he lived were times of gloomy suspicion, of danger and distress, when a severe scrutiny into the public and private behaviour of men established a rigid discrimination of character. He must therefore be allowed to have possessed a peculiar excellency of disposition, who conciliated to himself an habitual intimacy with Usher, the Apostolical Primate of Ireland, with Archbishop Sheldon, with Morton, Bishop of Durham, Pearson of Chester, and Sanderson of Lincoln, with the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton, and the judicious Mr. Chillingworth; in short, with those who were most celebrated for their piety and learning. Nor could he be deficient in urbanity of manners or elegance of taste, who was the companion of Sir Henry Wotton, the most accomplished gentleman of his age. The singular circumspection which he observed in the choice of his acquaintance, has not escaped the notice of Mr. Cotton. "My father Walton," says he, "will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like; and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me."

Before his retirement into the country, he published the *Life of Dr. Donne*. It was originally appended to "*LXXX Sermons, preached by that learned and reverend divine, John Donne, Doctor in*

Divinity, late Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London, 1640." He had been solicited by Sir Henry Wotton, to supply him with materials for writing that Life. Sir Henry dying in 1639, before he had made any progress in the work, Izaak Walton engaged in it. This, his first essay in biography, was by more accurate revisals corrected, and considerably enlarged in subsequent editions. Donne has been principally commended as a poet:—Walton, who, as it has been already remarked, was a constant hearer of his sermons, makes him known to us as a preacher, eloquent, animated, affecting. His poems, like the sky bespangled with small stars, are occasionally interspersed with the ornaments of fine imagery. They must, however, be pronounced generally devoid of harmony of numbers, or beauty of versification. Involved in the language of metaphysical obscurity, they cannot be read but with fastidiousness. They abound in false thoughts, affected phrases, and unnatural conceits. His sermons, though not without that pedantry which debases the writings of almost all the divines of those times, are often written with energy, elegance, and copiousness of style. Yet it must be confessed, that all the wit and eloquence of the author have been unable to secure them from neglect.

An instance of filial gratitude and affection occurs in a letter from Mr. John Donne, junior, to Mr. Izaak Walton, thanking him for writing his father the Dean's Life.

" SIR,

" I send this book rather to witness my debt, than to make any payment. For it would be incivil in me to offer any satisfaction for that that all my father's friends, and indeed all good men, are so equally engaged. Courtesies that are done to the dead being examples of so much piety, that they cannot have their reward in this life, because lasting as long, and still (by awaking the like charity in others) propagating the debt, they must expect a retribution from him, who gave the first inclination.

" 2. And by this circle, Sir, I have set you in my place, and instead of making you a payment, I have made you a debtor ; but 't is to Almighty God, to whom I know you will be so willingly committed, that I may safely take leave to write myself,

" Your thankful servant,

" From my house in Covent-Garden, }
24th June, 1640.

JO. DONNE."

It is difficult to discover what correspondence subsisted between our biographer and the writer of the preceding letter, who, having been admitted to the degree of doctor of laws in the university of Padua, was incorporated in that degree at Oxford, in 1638. In a will which was printed in 1662, Dr. John Donne, junior, bequeathed all his father's writings, with his "Common-Place Book," to Izaak Walton, for the use of his son, if he should be brought up a scholar. That he was a clergyman, and had some preferment in the diocese of Peterborough, we learn from a letter written to him by Dr. John Towers, Bishop of

Peterborough, his diocesan ; wherein his lordship thanks him for the first volume of his father's sermons, telling him, that his parishioners may pardon his silence to them for a while, since by it he hath preached to them and to their children's children, and to all our English parishes, for ever. Anthony Wood, although he describes him as a man of sense and parts, is unfavorable to his memory. He represents him as no better than "an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thoughts, yet valued by Charles the Second." With a sarcasm not unusual to him, he informs his reader, that Dr. Walter Pope "leads an epicurean and heathenish life, much like to that of Dr. Donne, the son." Bishop Kennet, in his "Register," p. 318, calling him, by mistake, Dr. John Downe, names him as the editor of "A Collection of Letters made by Sir Toby Matthews, knight," with a character of the most excellent lady, Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, by the same author ; to which are added several letters of his own to several persons of honor, who were contemporary with him, London, 1660, 8vo. I cannot but observe, that he neither consulted the reputation of his father, nor the public good, when he caused the "Biathanatos" to be printed. If he was determined, at all events, to disregard the injunctions of parental authority, would it not have been more expedient to have committed the manuscript to the flames, rather than to have encountered the hazard of diffusing certain novel opinions, from which no good consequences could possibly arise ? For though those effects did not actually follow, which are mentioned by

an industrious foreign writer, who tells us, that on the first publication of this work, many persons laid violent hands on themselves ; yet the most remote probability of danger accruing from it should have induced him entirely to have suppressed it. But to return from this digression.

The narrative of the vision in this Life of Dr. Donne hath subjected the author to some severe animadversions. Let it however be remembered, that he probably related the matter with cautious and discreet fidelity, as it was really represented to him. The account is not inserted in the earlier editions of Dr. Donne's Life. Hence we may presume, that the strictest and most severe inquiry was made before its introduction. Plutarch is not esteemed a credulous writer ; yet he has given a full and circumstantial history of the appearances that presented themselves to Dion and to Brutus. And in modern times Dr. Doddridge, a most sedulous examiner of facts, and of all men the least liable to credulity and weakness of understanding, published a relation of an extraordinary vision. Let it be remarked that, according to the opinion of a medical writer of great eminence, a discriminating symptom of human insanity is "the rising up in the mind of images not distinguishable by the patient from impressions upon the senses." To a momentary delusion, originating from some bodily disorder we may safely attribute the visions or false perceptions, of which many authentic descriptions have been transmitted to us ; and we may easily suppose that Dr. Donne, separated from his beloved wife and family, whom he

had left in a very distressful situation, must have suffered the most poignant anxiety of mind, and of course much indisposition of body.

When the first years of man have been devoted to "the diligence of trades and noiseful gain," we have no reason to hope that his mind will be replenished by study, or enriched with literature. In the lucrative, as well as in the political life, men are tempted to assume some of those habits or dispositions, which are not entirely consistent with the principles of justice or honor. An eagerness to amass wealth, not seldom extinguishes every other affection. But it was not thus with Izaak Walton. Firm and uncorrupted in his integrity, he no sooner bade farewell to his commercial concerns, than he gave the most convincing proofs of his attention to the most laudable pursuits. He had already written the Life of one friend. He now undertook to exhibit a testimony of respect to the memory of another. In 1651, he was the editor of "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, or a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems, with Characters of sundry Personages, and other incomparable Pieces of Language and Art, by the curious pencil of the ever-memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Knt., late Provost of Eaton College.*" This collection is dedicated "to Lady Mary Wotton, relict of the last Lord Wotton, and to her three noble daughters." These ladies communicated to him many original letters, written by their illustrious relation. After the Dedication follows "*The Life of Sir Henry Wotton.*" In the succeeding editions, the volume is inscribed to the Right Hon-

orable Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Stanhope of Shelford, and great nephew to Sir Henry Wotton. This nobleman, accompanying his mother, the Lady Catharine Stanhope, into Holland, where she attended the Princess of Orange, daughter to Charles the First, had his education along with William, Prince of Orange, afterward advanced to the throne of England, and became very serviceable in promoting the restoration of the royal family. He loved the memory, and imitated the virtues of his generous uncle. By a life of strict temperance he attained to a great age. He died, January 28, 1713. It is proper to observe, that a later edition of the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," namely, that of 1685, is enriched with Sir Henry Wotton's Letters to Lord Zouch, who was eminent among his contemporaries as an able statesman and an accomplished scholar.

"The Church History of Great Britain," compiled by Dr. Thomas Fuller, whose writings, though far from being without blemish, are of inestimable value, was first published in 1655. A conversation, seasoned with much pleasantness and innocent jocularity, is said to have passed between the author and his ever cheerful and friendly acquaintance, Mr. Izaak Walton, upon the general character of this work. Walton having paid him a visit, it was asked by Fuller, who knew how intimate he was with several of the bishops and ancient clergy, first, What he thought of the History himself, and then, what reception it had met with among them. Walton answered, that he thought "it should be acceptable to all tempers; because there were shades

in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution; that with youthful readers the factious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable; while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his History of the Church, as in a flower garden, or one full of evergreens." "And why not," said Fuller, "the Church History so decked as well as the Church itself at a most holy season, or the tabernacle of old at the Feast of Boughs?" "That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your Feast of Boughs, they may conceive, we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation, and this sometimes invisible to its old acquaintance, who may wander in the search, till they are lost in the labyrinth." "Oh!" says Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness." "True," returned Walton, "as indeed they have here such a Moses to conduct them."

His next work was "The Life of Mr. Richard Hooker," which first appeared in 1662. It was composed at the earnest request of Dr. Sheldon, then Bishop of London; and with the express purpose of correcting some errors committed by Dr. Gauden, from mere inadvertency and haste, in his account of "that immortal man," as he has been emphatically styled, "who spoke no language but that of truth dictated by conscience." Gauden seems to have been extremely deficient in his information, and, dying soon afterward, had no opportunity of revising and amending his very imperfect and inaccurate memoir. This was followed by "The Life of Mr.

George Herbert," usually called "the Divine Herbert," in 1670. In 1678, he concluded his biographical labors with "The Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson." Previous to the publication of this last work he received the following interesting letter from Dr. Thomas Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, who had been for many years the intimate friend of Dr. Sanderson during his residence at Oxford, and after his retirement into the country.

"MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WALTON,

"I am heartily glad, that you have undertaken to write the Life of that excellent person, and, both for learning and piety, eminent prelate, Dr. Sanderson, late Bishop of Lincoln; because I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth. And sure I am, that the life and actions of that pious and learned prelate will afford you matter enough for his commendation, and the imitation of posterity. In order to the carrying on your intended good work, you desire my assistance, that I would communicate to you such particular passages of his life, as were certainly known to me. I confess I had the happiness to be particularly known to him for about the space of twenty years; and, in Oxon, to enjoy his conversation, and his learned and pious instructions while he was Regius Professor of Divinity there. Afterwards, when (in the time of our late unhappy confusions) he left Oxon, and was retired into the country, I had the benefit of his letters; wherein, with great candor and kindness, he answered those doubts I proposed, and gave me that

satisfaction, which I neither had, nor expected from some others of greater confidence, but less judgment and humility. Having in a letter named two or three books, writ ('*ex professo*') against the being of any original sin; and that Adam, by his fall, transmitted some calamity only, but no crime to his posterity; the good old man was exceedingly troubled, and bewailed the misery of those licentious times, and seemed to wonder (save that the times were such) that any should write, or be permitted to publish any error so contradictory to truth and the doctrine of the church of England, established (as he truly said) by clear evidence of Scripture, and the just and supreme power of this nation, both sacred and civil. I name not the books nor their authors, which are not unknown to learned men (and I wish they had never been known), because both the doctrine and the unadvised abettors of it are, and shall be, to me apocryphal.*

"Another little story I must not pass in silence, being an argument of Dr. Sanderson's piety, great ability, and judgment, as a casuist. Discoursing with an honorable person† (whose piety I value more than his nobility and learning, though both be great,) about a case of conscience concerning oaths and vows, their nature and obligation; in which, for some particular reasons, he then desired more fully

* The writer principally alluded to in this part of the Letter, was the excellent Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Conner.

† Robert Boyle, Esq.

to be informed ; I commended to him Dr. Sander-son's book, 'De Juramento'; which having read with great satisfaction, he asked me, 'if I thought the doctor could be induced to write Cases of Conscience, if he might have an honorary pension allowed him, to furnish him with books for that purpose.' I told him 'I believed he would'; and, in a letter to the Doctor, told him what great satisfaction that honorable person, and many more, had reaped by reading his book, 'De Juramento'; and asked him, 'whether he would be pleased, for the benefit of the church, to write some tract of Cases of Conscience.' He replied, 'that he was glad that any had received benefit by his books;' and added further, 'that if any future tract of his could bring such benefit to any, as we seemed to say his former had done, he would willingly, though without any pension, set about that work.' Having received this answer, that honorable person, before mentioned, did, by my hands, return fifty pounds to the good Doctor, whose condition then (as most good men's at that time were) was but low ; and he presently revised, finished, and published that excellent book, 'De Conscientiâ'; a book little in bulk, but not so if we consider the benefit an intelligent reader may receive by it. For there are so many general propositions concerning conscience, the nature and obligation of it explained, and proved with such firm consequence and evidence of reason, that he who reads, remembers, and can with prudence pertinently apply them 'hic et nunc' to particular cases, may, by their light and help, rationally resolve a

thousand particular doubts and scruples of conscience. Here you may see the charity of that honorable person in promoting, and the piety and industry of the good Doctor, in performing that excellent work.

“ And here I shall add the judgment of that learned and pious prelate concerning a passage very pertinent to our present purpose. When he was in Oxon, and read his public lectures in the schools as Regius Professor of Divinity, and by the truth of his positions and evidences of his proofs gave great content and satisfaction to all his hearers, especially in his clear resolutions of all difficult cases which occurred in the explication of the subject matter of his lectures; a person of quality (yet alive) privately asked him, ‘what course a young divine should take in his studies to enable him to be a good casuist?’ His answer was, ‘that, a convenient understanding of the learned languages, at least of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and a sufficient knowledge of arts and sciences presupposed, there were two things in human literature, a comprehension of which would be of very great use, to enable a man to be a rational and able casuist, which otherwise was very difficult, if not impossible: 1. A convenient knowledge of moral philosophy; especially that part of it which treats of the nature of human actions: To know, “quid sit actus humanus (spontaneus, invitus, mixtus), unde habeat bonitatem et malitiam moralem? an ex genere et objecto, vel ex circumstantiis?” How the variety of circumstances varies the goodness or evil of human actions? How far knowledge

and ignorance may aggravate or excuse, increase or diminish, the goodness or evil of our actions? For every case of conscience being only this — “Is this action good or bad?” “May I do it, or may I not?” — he who, in these, knows not how and whence human actions become morally good and evil, never can (‘in hypothesi’) rationally and certainly determine, whether this or that particular action be so. 2. The second thing, which,’ he said, ‘would be a great help and advantage to a casuist, was a convenient knowledge of the nature and obligation of laws in general; to know what a law is; what a natural and positive law; what is required to the “latio, dispensatio, derogatio, vel abrogatio legis”; what promulgation is antecedently required to the obligation of any positive law: what ignorance takes off the obligation of a law, or does excuse, diminish, or aggravate the transgression: for every case of conscience being only this — “Is this lawful for me, or is it not?” and the law the only rule and measure by which I must judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action, it evidently follows, that he, who, in these, knows not the nature and obligation of laws, never can be a good casuist, or rationally assure himself or others of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of actions in particular.’

“This was the judgment and good counsel of that learned and pious prelate; and having, by long experience, found the truth and benefit of it, I conceive I could not, without ingratitude to him and want of charity to others, conceal it. Pray pardon this rude and, I fear, impertinent ‘scribble, which, if nothing

else, may signify thus much, that I am willing to obey your desires, and am, indeed,

“Your affectionate friend,

“THOMAS LINCOLN.”

LONDON, May 10, 1678.

Among the literary characters of the sixteenth century, none appears with more transcendent lustre than that of Sir Henry Savile, a magnificent patron of merit, and a complete gentleman. He seems to have traversed the whole range of science, being equally celebrated for his knowledge of ancient and modern learning. The life of this illustrious scholar would be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters. That it was actually compiled by Mr. Izaak Walton, we have every reason to conclude. Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, in his letter to him, dated November 17, 1664, tells him, that “he has done much for Sir Henry Savile, the contemporary and friend of Mr. Richard Hooker.” It is seriously to be regretted, that the most diligent inquiry after this work has hitherto proved unsuccessful.

Among those whom Sir Henry Savile honored with his friendship was Mr. John Hales of Eton. Mr. Anthony Farrington, an eminent preacher, and a man of extensive learning and exemplary piety, had collected materials with a view to write the life of this incomparable person. On his demise, his papers were consigned to the care of Mr. Izaak Walton, by Mr. William Fulman, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who had proposed to finish the work, and on that occasion had applied for the assistance

of our biographer. The result of this application is not known. Fulman's collection of manuscripts, written with his own hand, was deposited in the archives of the library of his college, and Wood laments that he was refused access to them. It is unnecessary to add, that the *Life of Mr. Hales*, by Mr. Des Maizeaux, was published in 1716.

Angling had been long a favorite diversion in England. Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, the composer of "that good, plain, unperplexed catechism, which is in our good old Service Book," was a lover of, and most experienced proficient in this delightful art. It was his custom, besides his fixed hours of private and public prayer, to spend a tenth part of his time in this amusement, and also to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, among the poor, saying, that "charity gave life to religion." An elegant Latin poem, written by Dr. Simon Ford, was inscribed to Archbishop Sheldon, who, in his younger years, being fond of this diversion, is said to have acquired a superior skill in taking the umber or barbel, "a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal." Dr. Donne is called "a great practitioner, master, and patron of angling." And we learn from good authority, that Mr. George Herbert loved angling; a circumstance that is rather to be believed, "because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians who are so much loved and commended." Let not these remarks provoke the chastisement of censure. Let them not be condemned as nugatory and insignificant. Amidst our disquietudes and delusive cares,

amidst the painful anxiety, the disgustful irksomeness, which are often the unwelcome attendants on business and on study, a harmless gratification is not merely excusable, it is in some degree necessary. In the skilful management of the angle, Izaak Walton is acknowledged to bear away the prize from all his contemporaries. The river which he seems principally to have frequented for the purpose of pursuing his inoffensive amusement, was the Lea, which, rising above the town of Ware in Hertfordshire, falls into the Thames a little below Blackwall; "unless we will suppose that the vicinity of the New River to the place of his habitation might sometimes tempt him out with his friends, honest Nat and R. Roe, whose loss he so pathetically mentions, to spend an afternoon there." In his tract of "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," he has comprised the clearest and fullest instructions for the attainment of a thorough proficiency in the art. James Duport, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, who was far from being a novice in the use of the rod, disdained not, on this occasion, to address our author in a beautiful Latin Iambic Ode, of which the following classic version will not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Hail, Walton! honored friend of mine,
Mighty master of the line!
Whether down some valley's side
You walk to watch the smooth stream glide,
Or on the flowery margin stand
To cheat the fish with cunning hand,

“ Or on the green bank, seated still,
With quick eye guard the dancing quill ;
Thrice happy sage ! who, distant far
From the wrangling forum’s war,
From the city’s bustling train,
From the busy hum of men,
Haunt some gentle stream, and ply
Your honest crafts, to lure the fry :
And while the world around you set
The base decoy and treacherous net,
Man against man, th’ insidious wile,
Or, the rich dotard to beguile,
Bait high with gifts the smiling hook
All gilt with Flattery’s sweetest look ;
Arm’d for the innocent deceit,
You love the scaly brood to cheat,
And tempt that water-wolf, the pike,
With ravening tooth his prey to strike,
Or in the minnow’s living head
Or in the writhed brandling red
Fix your well-charged hook, to gull
The greedy perch, bold-biting fool,
Or with the tender moss-worm tried
Win the nice trout’s speckled pride,
Or on the carp, whose wary eye
Admits no vulgar tackle nigh,
Essay your art’s supreme address,
And beat the fox in sheer finesse.
The tench, physician of the brook,
Owns the magic of your hook,
The little gudgeon’s thoughtless haste
Yields a brief yet sweet repast,
And the whisker’d barbel pays
His coarser bulk to swell your praise.

" Such the amusement of your hours,
While the season aids your powers ;
Nor shall my friend a single day
Ere pass without a line away.
Nor these alone your honors bound,
The tricks experience has found ;
Sublimer theory lifts your name
Above the fisher's simple fame,
And in the practice you excel
Of what none else can teach as well,
And wield at once with equal skill
The useful powers of either quill.
With all that winning grace of style,
What else were tedious, to beguile,
A second Oppian, you impart
The secrets of the angling art ;
Each fish's nature, and how best
To fit the bait to every taste,
Till, in the scholar that you train,
The accomplish'd master lives again.
And yet your pen aspires above
The maxims of the art you love ;
Though virtues, faintly taught by rule,
Are better learnt in angling's school,
Where Temperance, that drinks the rill,
And Patience, sovereign over ill,
By many an active lesson bought,
Refine the soul, and steel the thought.
Far higher truths you love to start,
To train us to a nobler art,
And in the lives of good men give
That chiefest lesson, how to live ;
While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page,

“ Or while we see combined in one
 The wit and the divine in Donne ;
 Or while the poet and the priest,
 In Herbert's sainted form confest,
 Unfold the temple's holy maze
 That awes and yet invites our gaze :
 Worthies these of pious name
 From your portraying pencil claim
 A second life, and strike anew
 With fond delight the admiring view.
 And thus at once the peopled brook
 Submits its captives to your hook,
 And we, the wiser sons of men,
 Yield to the magic of your pen,
 While angling on some streamlet's brink
 The muse and you combine to think.”

In this volume of “The Complete Angler,” which will be always read with avidity, even by those who entertain no strong relish for the art which it professes to teach, we discover a copious vein of innocent pleasantry and good humor. The scenes descriptive of rural life are inimitably beautiful. How artless and unadorned is the language! The dialogue is diversified with all the characteristic beauties of colloquial composition. The songs and little poems, which are occasionally inserted, will abundantly gratify the reader, who has a taste for the charms of pastoral poesy. And, above all, those lovely lessons of religious and moral instruction, which are so repeatedly inculcated throughout the whole work, will ever recommend this exquisitely pleasing performance. It was first printed in 1653,

with the figures of the fishes very elegantly engraved, probably by Lombart, on plates of steel ; and was so generally read as to pass through five editions during the life of the author. The second edition is dated in 1655, the third in 1661 ; and in 1668 the fourth appeared with many valuable additions and improvements. The lovers of angling, to whom this treatise is familiar, are apprized, that the art of fishing with the fly is not discussed with sufficient accuracy ; the few directions that are given, having been principally communicated by Mr. Thomas Barker, who has written a very entertaining tract on the subject. To remedy this defect, and to give lessons how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream, a fifth and much improved edition was published in 1676, with a second part, by Charles Cotton, of Beresford, in Staffordshire, Esq. This gentleman, who is represented as the most laborious trout-catcher, if not the most experienced angler for trout and grayling that England ever had, to testify his regard for Mr. Walton, had caused the words,

“PISCATORIBUS SACRUM,”

with a cipher underneath, comprehending the initial letters of both their names, to be inscribed on the front of his fishing-house. This little building was situated near the banks of the river Dove, which divides the two counties of Stafford and Derby. Here Mr. Walton usually spent his vernal months, carrying with him the best and choicest of all earthly blessings, a contemplative mind, a cheerful disposition, an active and a healthful body. So beaute-

ous did the scenery of this delightful spot appear to him, that, to use his own words, "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot be described, unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to do it."

In the latter years of the reign of Charles the Second, the violence of faction burst forth with renovated fury. The discontents of the Nonconformists were daily increasing; while Popery assumed fresh hopes of reëstablishing itself by fomenting and encouraging the divisions that unhappily subsisted among Protestants. A tract, entitled "The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Church," was published in 1675, and attributed to Dr. Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford. Eager to accomplish a union of the Dissenters with the Church of England, and to include them within its pale, this prelate hesitated not to suggest the expediency of proposing several concessions to them, with respect to the rites and ceremonies then in use, and even to comply with their unreasonable demand of abolishing Episcopacy. It may be easily presumed, that these proposals met with no very favorable reception. They were animadverted upon with much spirit and ability, in various publications. In the mean time, animosities prevailed without any prospect of their termination. From fanaticism on one side, and from superstition on the other, real danger was apprehended. Those who exerted themselves in maintaining the legal rights and liberties of the established church, were denominated "Whigs." Most of them were persons eminent for their learning, and very cordially

attached to the established constitution. Others, who opposed the Dissenters, and were thought to be more in fear of a republic, than a Popish successor, were distinguished by the name of "Tories." At this critical period, Izaak Walton expressed his solicitude for the real welfare of his country, not with a view to embarrass himself in disputation,—for his nature was totally abhorrent from controversy,—but to give an ingenuous and undissembled account of his own faith and practice, as a true son of the Church of England. His modesty precluded him from annexing his name to the treatise, which he composed at this time, and which appeared, first, in 1680, under the title of "Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable Letters, concerning the Distempers of the present Times; written from a quiet and conformable Citizen of London, to two busy and factious Shopkeepers in Coventry. 'But let none of you suffer as a busy-body in other men's matters.' 1 Pet. iv. 15. 1680." The style, the sentiment, the argumentation, are such as might be expected from a plain man, actuated only by an honest zeal to promote the public peace. And if we consider that it was written by him in the 87th year of his age, a period of life when the faculties of the mind are usually on the decline, it will be scarce possible not to admire the clearness of his judgment, and the unimpaired vigor of his memory. The real purport of this work, which is not altogether unapplicable to more recent times, and which breathes the genuine spirit of benevolence and candor, is happily expressed in the author's own words to the person whom he addresses in the second letter.

“ This I beseech you to consider seriously ; and, good cousin, let me advise you to be one of the thankful and quiet party ; for it will bring peace at last. Let neither your discourse nor practice be to encourage or assist in making a schism in that church, in which you were baptized and adopted a Christian ; for you may continue in it with safety to your soul ; you may in it study sanctification, and practise it to what degree God, by his grace, shall enable you. You may fast as much as you will ; be as humble as you will ; pray both publicly and privately as much as you will ; visit and comfort as many distressed and dejected families as you will ; be as liberal and charitable to the poor as you think fit and are able. These, and all other of those undoubted Christian graces that accompany salvation, you may practise either publicly or privately, as much and as often as you think fit ; and yet keep in the communion of that church, of which you were made a member by your baptism. These graces you may practise, and not be a busy-body in promoting schism and faction ; as God knows your father’s friends, Hugh Peters and John Lilbourn did, to the ruin of themselves and many of their disciples. Their turbulent lives and uncomfortable deaths are not, I hope, yet worn out of the memory of many. He that compares them with the holy life and happy death of Mr. George Herbert, as it is plainly, and, I hope, truly writ by Mr. Izaak Walton, may in it find a perfect pattern for an humble and devout Christian to imitate. And he that considers the restless lives and uncomfortable deaths of the other two (who

always lived, like the salamander, in the fire of contention), and considers the dismal consequences of schism and sedition, will (if prejudice and a malicious zeal have not so blinded him that he cannot see reason) be so convinced, as to beg of God to give him a meek and quiet spirit; and that he may, by his grace, be prevented from being a busy-body, in what concerns him not."

Such admonitions as these could only proceed from a heart overflowing with goodness; a heart, as was said concerning that of Sir Henry Wotton, "in which peace, patience, and calm content did inhabit."

His intercourse with learned men, and the frequent and familiar conversations which he held with them, afforded him many opportunities of obtaining several valuable anecdotes relative to the history of his contemporaries. The following literary curiosity is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford:

"For your friend's queries this:

"I only knew Ben Jonson; but my lord of Winton knew him very well, and says he was in the sixth, that is, the uppermost form in Westminster school, at which time his father died, and his mother married a bricklayer, who made him (much against his will) help him in his trade; but in a short time, his schoolmaster, Mr. Camden, got him a better employment, which was to attend or accompany a son of Sir Walter Raleigh's in his travels. Within a short time after their return, they parted (I think not

in cool blood) and with a love suitable to what they had in their travels (not to be commended). And then Ben began to set up for himself in the trade by which he got his subsistence and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have a hundred pounds a year from the king, also a pension from the city, and the like from many of the nobility and some of the gentry, which was well paid, for love or fear of his railing in verse or prose, or both. My lord told me, he told him he was (in his long retirement and sickness, when he saw him, which was often) much afflicted, that he had profaned the Scripture in his plays, and lamented it with horror; yet that, at that time of his long retirement, his pension (so much as came in) was given to a woman that governed him (with whom he lived and died near the Abbey in Westminster); and that neither he nor she took much care for next week; and would be sure not to want wine; of which he usually took too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and sooner. My lord tells me, he knows not, but thinks he was born in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born there; he is a friendly man, and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben. You will not think the rest so tedious as I do this.

- “For your second and third queries of Mr. Hill, and Billingsley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth telling you.

“For your two remaining queries of Mr. Warner, and Mr. Harriott, this :

"Mr. Warner did long and constantly lodge near the water-stairs, or market, in Woolstable. Woolstable is a place not far from Charing-Cross, and nearer to Northumberland-house. My lord of Winchester tells me, he knew him, and that he said, he first found out the circulation of the blood, and discovered it to Dr. Harvey (who said that it was he himself that found it) for which he is so memorally famous. Warner had a pension of forty pounds a year from that Earl of Northumberland that lay so long a prisoner in the Tower, and some allowance from Sir Thomas Aylesbury, and with whom he usually spent his summer in Windsor Park, and was welcome, for he was harmless and quiet. His winter was spent at the Woolstable, where he died in the time of the parliament of 1640, of which or whom he was no lover.

"Mr. Herriott, my lord tells me, he knew also; that he was a more gentle man than Warner. That he had a hundred and twenty pounds a year pension from the said Earl (who was a lover of their studies), and his lodgings in Sion-house, where he thinks or believes he died.

"This is all I know or can learn for your friend; which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

"Nov. 22, '80.

J. W.

"I forgot to tell, that I heard the sermon preached for the Lady Danvers, and have it; but thank your friend."

A life of temperance, sobriety, and cheerfulness, is not seldom rewarded with length of days, with

a healthful, honorable, and happy old age. Izaak Walton retained to the last a constitution unbroken by disease, with the full possession of his mental powers. In a letter to Mr. Cotton, from London, April 29, 1676, he writes; "Though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon." He had written the Life of Dr. Sanderson, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. We find him active with his pen, after this period, at a time when, "silvered o'er with age," he had a just claim to a writ of ease. On the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day, he declares himself in his will to be of perfect memory. In the very year in which he died, he prefixed a Preface to a work edited by him: "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq. an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser." Flatman, who is known both as a poet and a painter, hath in such true colors delineated the character of his much-esteemed friend, that it would be injurious not to transcribe the following lines:

"TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. IZAAK WALTON,

"ON THE PUBLICATION OF THIS POEM.

"Long had the bright Thealma lay obscure;
Her beauteous charms, that might the world allure,
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,

Till your kind hand unveiled her lovely face,
 And gave her vigor to exert her rays.
 Happy old man ! whose worth all mankind knows,
 Except himself ; who charitably shows,
 The ready road to virtue and to praise,
 The road to many long and happy days,
 The noble arts of generous piety,
 And how to compass true felicity ;
 Hence did he learn the art of living well ;
 The bright Thealma was his oracle :
 Inspired by her he knows no anxious cares,
 Through near a century of pleasant years :
 Easy he lives, and cheerful shall he die,
 Well spoken of by late posterity,
 As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
 And deep devotions throng about his urn ;
 As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
 With noble emulation shall inflame
 Ages to come, and swell the rolls of fame.
 Your memory shall for ever be secure,
 And long beyond our short-lived praise endure ;
 As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
 And shared that immortality he alone could give."

The classic reader, when he recollects the story
 of Phidias, will easily acknowledge the propriety of
 the encomium passed on Mr. Walton, who secured
 immortal fame to himself, while he conferred it up-
 on others. That divine artist, having finished his
 famous statue of Minerva, with the most consum-
 mate exquisiteness of skill, afterward impressed his
 own image so deeply on her buckler, that it could
 not be effaced without destroying the whole work.

The beauties of "Thealma and Clearchus," and the character of the author, are not unaptly described in the editor's own language. He intimates in the Preface, that "the reader will find what the title declares, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse ; and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation ; and the latter so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement." He adds, that "the reader must here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of joy and sorrow ; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent truth and undissembled honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion." Mr. Chalkhill died before he had perfected even the fable of his poem. He was a man generally known in his time, and as well beloved ; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent ; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. So amiable were the manners, so truly excellent the character of all those, whom Izaak Walton honored with his regard.

When Leoniceni, one of the most profound scholars in Italy, in the fifteenth century, was asked by what art he had, through a period of ninety years, preserved a sound memory, perfect senses, an up-

right body, and a vigorous health, he answered, "by innocence, serenity of mind, and temperance." Izaak Walton, having uniformly enjoyed that happy tranquillity, which is the natural concomitant of virtue, came to the grave in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

"So would I live, such gradual death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough;
And dying, nothing to myself would owe.
Thus, daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening joys, I by degrees would waste;
Still quitting ground by unperceived decay,
And steal myself from life and melt away."

DRYDEN.

He died during the time of the great frost, on the fifteenth day of December, 1683, at Winchester, in the prebendal house of Dr. William Hawkins, his son-in-law, whom he loved as his own son. It was his express desire, that his burial might be near the place of his death, privately, and free from any ostentation or charge. On the stone which covers his remains within the cathedral of that city these lines are yet extant.

"Here resteth the body of

MR. ISAAC WALTON,

Who died the 15th of Decr. 1683.

"Alas! he's gone before,

Gone to return no more.

Our panting breasts aspire
 After their aged sire,
 Whose well-spent life did last
 Full ninety years and past.
 But now he hath begun
 That which will ne'er be done,
 Crowned with eternal bliss,
 We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI."

He survived his wife many years. She died in 1662, and was buried in our Lady's Chapel, in the Cathedral of Worcester. In the north wall is placed a small oval monument of white marble, on which is the following inscription, written, no doubt, by her affectionate husband.

" Ex — — — terris

D. +

S. +. M

Here lyeth buried so much as
 could die of ANA, the wife of
 ISAAC WALTON,

who was

a woman of remarkable prudence
 and of the primitive piety : her great
 and general knowledge being adorned
 with such true humility, and blest
 with so much Christian meekness as
 made her worthy of a more memorable

Monument.

She died (alas that she is dead)
 the 17th of April, 1662, aged 52.
 Study to be like her."

He had one son, Isaac, who never married, and a daughter Anne, the wife of Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary in the church of Winchester, and rector of Droxford in Hampshire. Dr. William Hawkins left a son William, and a daughter Anne. The latter died unmarried. The son, who was a serjeant at law, and author of the well-known treatise of "The Pleas of the Crown," lived and died in the Close of Sarum. He published a short account of the life of his great uncle in 1713, and also his works in 1721, under the title of "The Works of the right reverend, learned, and pious Thomas Ken, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. 4 vols." These works include only Ken's poetical compositions, which do not merit any great encomium, though they are written in a strain of real piety and devotion. This William Hawkins had a son and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Mrs. Hawes, relict of the Rev. Mr. Hawes, rector of Bemerton, is the only surviving person of that generation.

I have omitted to enumerate among the friends of our biographer, Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury. To be esteemed, to be caressed by men of such comprehensive learning and extraordinary abilities, is honorable indeed. They were his choicest and most confidential companions. After the Restoration, he and his daughter had apartments constantly reserved for them in the houses of these two prelates. Here he spent his time in that mutual reciprocation of benevolent offices, which constitutes the blessedness of virtuous friendship. He expe-

rienced many marks of favor from the Bishop of Winchester, of whose kindness to him he has signified his remembrance in the ring bequeathed at his death, with this expressive motto, "A MITE FOR A MILLION." It was doubtless through his recommendation, that Ken obtained the patronage of Dr. Morley; who, having appointed him his chaplain, presented him to the rectory of Woodhay, in Hampshire; and then preferred him to the dignity of a prebendary in the cathedral church of Winton.

The worthy son of a worthy father had no cause to complain that his merit was unnoticed, or unrewarded. Mr. Izaak Walton, junior, was educated at Christ Church in Oxford. Whilst he was Bachelor of Arts he attended his uncle, Mr. Ken, to Rome, where he was present at the jubilee appointed by Pope Clement the Tenth in 1675. On this occasion Ken was wont to say, "that he had great reason to give God thanks for his travels; since, if it were possible, he returned rather more confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion than he was before." During his residence in Italy, that country, which is justly called the great school of music and painting, the rich repository of the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern, young Mr. Walton indulged and improved his taste for the fine arts. On his return to England, he retired to the university of Oxford to prosecute his studies. Having afterward accepted an invitation from Bishop Ward, to become his domestic chaplain, he was preferred to the rectory of Polshot, near Devizes in Wiltshire, and elected a canon of

Salisbury. He afforded much assistance to Dr. John Walker, when engaged in his "History of the Sufferings of the Clergy," communicating to him a variety of materials for that excellent work. He possessed all the amiable qualities that adorned the character of his father, a calm philanthropy, a genuine piety, an unaffected humility. It was at the house of this his nephew, that Dr. Ken was upon a visit, when a stack of chimneys fell into his bed-chamber, Nov. 27, 1703, without doing him any harm; whilst Dr. Kidder, his immediate successor in the see of Bath and Wells, was unfortunately killed with his lady by a similar accident, during the same storm, in his palace at Wells. Mr. Walton, junior, died in 1716. His remains lie interred at the feet of his friend and patron, Bishop Ward, in the cathedral of Salisbury.

It would be highly improper to ascribe to Mr. Izaak Walton that extent of knowledge, which characterizes the scholar. Yet those who are conversant in his writings will probably entertain no doubt of his acquaintance with books. His frequent references to ancient and modern history, his seasonable applications of several passages in the most approved writers, his allusions to various branches of general science, these and other circumstances concur in confirming the assertion, that though he did not partake of the benefits of early erudition, yet in maturer age, he enlarged his intellectual acquisitions, so as to render them fully proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. The fruits of his truly commendable industry he has generously consecrated

to posterity. Deprived of the advantage of a learned education, he hath with great fidelity preserved the memory of those, who were "by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, honored in their generations, and the glory of their times," each of whom, in his edifying pages, "being dead yet speaketh." He may be literally said "to have labored not for himself only, but for all those that seek wisdom." How interesting and affecting are many of his narratives and descriptions! The vision of ghastly horror that presented itself to Dr. Donne, at the time of his short residence in Paris; the pleasant messages which Sir Henry Wotton and the good-natured priest exchanged with each other in a church at Rome, during the time of vespers; the domestic incidents which excited the tender commiseration of Mr. Edwin Sandys and Mr. George Cranmer, while they visited their venerable tutor at his country parsonage of Drayton Beauchamp; the affectionate and patient condescension of Mr. George Herbert, compassionating the distresses of the poor woman of Bemerton; the interview of Dr. Sanderson and Mr. Izaak Walton, accidentally meeting each other in the streets of London; these and numberless other similar passages will always be read with reiterated pleasure.

We shall indeed be disappointed, if we expect to find in the following volume the brilliancy of wit, the elaborate correctness of style, or the ascititious graces and ornaments of fine composition. But that pleasing simplicity of sentiment, that plain and un-

affected language, and, may I add, that natural eloquence, which pervades the whole, richly compensates the want of elegance, and rhetorical embellishment. Truth is never displayed to us in more grateful colors, than when she appears, not in a garish attire, but in her own native garb, without artifice, without pomp. In that garb Izaak Walton has arrayed her. Deeply impressed with the excellence of those exemplary characters which he endeavours to portray, he speaks no other language than that of the heart, and thus imparts to the reader his own undisguised sentiments, so friendly to piety and virtue. Assuredly, no pleasure can be placed in competition with that, which results from the view of men sedulously adjusting their actions with integrity and honor. To accompany them, as it were, along the path of life, to join in their conversation, to observe their demeanour in various situations, to contemplate their acts of charity and beneficence, to attend them into their closets, to behold their ardor of piety and devotion; in short, to establish, as it were, a friendship and familiarity with them; this, doubtless, must be pronounced a happy anticipation of that holy intercourse, which will, I trust, subsist between beatified spirits in another and a better state.

Those parts of this volume are more peculiarly adapted to afford satisfaction, improvement, and consolation, in which is related the behaviour of these good men at the hour of death. Here we find ourselves personally and intimately interested. "A battle or a triumph," says Mr. Addison, "are conjunc-

tures, in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged ; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does ; because we are sure, that some time or other, we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in ; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble." Thus, while these instructive pages teach us how to live, they impart a lesson equally useful and momentous — how to die. When I contrast the death-bed scenes, which our author has described, with that which is exhibited to us in the last illness of a modern philosopher, who, at that awful period, had no source of consolation but what he derived from reading Lucian and other books of amusement, discoursing cheerfully with his friends on the trifling topics of common conversation, playing at his favorite game of whist, and indulging his pleasantry on the fabulous history of "Charon and his boat," without one single act of devotion, without any expression of penitential sorrow, of hope, or confidence in the goodness of God, or in the merits of a Redeemer ; when this contrast, I say, is presented to my view, it is impossible not to adopt the language of the prophet, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Is it necessary to add, that we are here presented with two pleasing portraits of female excellence, in the mother and in the wife of Mr. George Herbert ? In the first were united all the personal and mental

accomplishments of her sex. The enlightened piety of the latter, her native humility, her truly christian charity, exhibit her as a perfect model of every thing good and praiseworthy, while her marriage with Mr. Herbert, though attended with some unusual circumstances, proves incontestably, that an union, originating from "good sense, from inclination, and from an equality of age, of dignity, and of fortune," can seldom fail of being attended with happiness.

It is said of Socrates, that all who knew him loved him; and that if any did not love him, it was because they did not know him. May we not affirm the same of that worthy person, who is the subject of this memoir? Such was the sweetness of his temper, so affectionate was the regard which his friends professed for him, that, in their epistolary correspondence, though they were far superior to him in rank and condition of life, they usually addressed him in the language of tenderness and soothing endearment, styling him, "Good Mr. Walton;" "Honest Isaac"; "Worthy Friend"; "Dear Brother"; "Most Ingenious Friend." No one better deserved these kind appellations. Let it always be recorded to his honor, that he never retracted any promise, when made in favor even of his meanest friend. Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," introduces an erroneous quotation from "Walton's Life of Mr. Hooker." Dr. Warburton, in his notes on that history (Warburton's Works, Vol. VII. p. 895,) commenting upon this quotation, speaks of "the quaint trash of a fantastical life-writer." Is it pos-

sible to suppose that an epithet, more adapted to the asperity of fastidious censure, than to the cool and deliberate judgment of candid and equitable criticism, should be justly applied to a man of real merit, who strenuously exerted himself in promoting the cause of religion, as well by his writings as by his exemplary conduct?

The corporation of Stafford have publicly pronounced him their worthy and generous benefactor. Of his singular munificence to the poor inhabitants of this his native town, we find several instances in his life-time. And, at his death, he consigned some bequests of considerable value to be appropriated to their use.

In an ancient inscription yet extant, it is said of a Roman citizen, that he knew not how to speak injuriously, — “*Nescivit maledicere.*” We may observe of Izaak Walton, that he was ignorant how to write of any man with acrimony and harshness. This liberality of disposition will ever recommend him to his readers. Whatever are the religious sentiments of the persons, whom he introduces to our notice, how widely soever they differ from his own; we discover not, in his remarks, the petulance of indiscriminate reproach, or the malignancy of rude invective. The mild spirit of moderation breathes almost in every page. I can only lament one instance of severity, for which, however, several pleas of extenuation might readily be admitted.

He is known to have acquired a relish for the fine arts. Of paintings and prints he had formed a small, but valuable collection. And we may presume, that

he had an attachment to and a knowledge of music. His affection for sacred music may be inferred from that animated, I had almost said, that enraptured language which he adopts, whenever the subject occurs to him. It will be easily recollected, that Ken, his brother-in-law, whose morning, evening, and midnight hymns, endear his memory to the devout Christian, began the duties of each day with sacred melody. And that between men perfectly congenial in their sentiments and habits of virtue, a similarity of disposition in this instance should prevail, is far from being an unreasonable suggestion. That he had an inclination to poetry, we may conclude from his early intimacy with Michael Drayton, "the golden-mouthed poet"; a man of an amiable disposition, of mild and modest manners, whose poems are much less read than they deserve to be. It is needless to remark, that on the first publication of a work it was usual for the friends of the author to prefix to it recommendatory verses. Izaak Walton, whose circle of friends was very extensive indeed, often contributed his share of encomium on these occasions. To his productions of this kind no other commendations can be allowed, than that they were sincere memorials of his grateful and tender regard. It must however be added, that he never debased his talents by offering the incense of adulation at the shrine of infamy and guilt. The persons, whom he favored with these marks of his attention, were not undeserving of praise. Such, for instance, was William Cartwright, who, though he died in the thirtieth year of his age, was the boast

and ornament of the university of Oxford, as a divine, a philosopher, and a poet. Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, declared him to be, "the utmost man can come to"; and Ben Jonson was wont to say of him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." And here an opportunity presents itself of ascertaining the author of "The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple," a collection of sacred poems, usually annexed to Mr. George Herbert's "Temple." Mr. Walton has addressed some encomiastic lines to him, as his friend; and in "The Complete Angler," having inserted from that collection, a little poem, entitled "The Book of Common Prayer," he expressly assigns it, and of course the whole work, to a reverend and learned divine, Mr. Christopher Harvey, "that professes to imitate Mr. Herbert, and hath indeed done so most excellently;" and of whom he adds pleasantly, "you will like him the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling."

Faithfully attached to the church of England, he entertained the highest veneration for her discipline and doctrines. He had not been an inattentive spectator of the rapid progress of the sectaries, hastening from one degree of injustice to another, until a universal anarchy consummated the ruin of our ecclesiastical constitution. In his last will he has announced an ingenuous and decided avowal of his religious principles, with a design, as it has been conjectured, to prevent any suspicions that might arise of his inclination to Popery, from his very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman

communion. But a full and explicit declaration of his Christian faith, and the motives which enforced his serious and regular attendance upon the service of that church in which he was educated, are delivered with great propriety and good sense, in his own words. For thus he writes in a letter to one of his friends. "I go so constantly to the church service to adore and worship my God, who hath made me of nothing, and preserved me from being worse than nothing. And this worship and adoration I do pay him inwardly in my soul, and testify it outwardly by my behaviour; as, namely, by my adoration, in my forbearing to cover my head in that place dedicated to God, and only to his service; and also, by standing up at profession of the creed, which contains the several articles that I and all true Christians profess and believe; and also my standing up at giving glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and confessing them to be three persons, and but one God.

"And, secondly, I go to church to praise my God for my creation and redemption; and for his many deliverances of me from the many dangers of my body, and more especially of my soul, in sending me redemption by the death of his Son, my Saviour; and for the constant assistance of his holy spirit: a part of which praise I perform frequently in the Psalms, which are daily read in the public congregations.

"And, thirdly, I go to church publicly to confess and bewail my sins, and to beg pardon for them, for his merits who died to recencile me and all mankind unto God, who is both his and my Father; and,

as for the words in which I beg this mercy, they be the litany and collects of the church, composed by those learned and devout men, whom you and I have trusted to tell us which is and which is not the written word of God, and trusted also to translate those Scriptures into English. And, in these collects, you may note, that I pray absolutely for pardon of sin, and for grace to believe and serve God. But I pray for health and peace and plenty, conditionally; even so far as may tend to his glory and the good of my soul, and not further. And this confessing my sins, and begging mercy and pardon for them, I do in my adoring my God, and by the humble posture of kneeling on my knees before him. And, in this manner, and by reverend sitting to hear some chosen parts of God's word read in the public assembly, I spend one hour of the Lord's day every forenoon, and half so much time every evening. And since this uniform and devout custom of joining together in public confession and praise and adoration of God, and in one manner, hath been neglected, the power of Christianity and humble piety is so much decayed, that it ought not to be thought on but with sorrow and lamentation; and I think, especially by the Nonconformists."

The reasons which he has assigned for his uninterrupted attention to the discharge of another duty will afford satisfaction to every candid reader. "Now for preaching, I praise God, I understand my duty both to him and my neighbour the better, by hearing of sermons. And though I be defective in the performance of both (for which I beseech Al-

mighty God to pardon me), yet I had been a much worse Christian, if I had not frequented the blessed ordinance of preaching; which has convinced me of my many sins past, and begot such terrors of conscience, as have begot in me holy resolutions. This benefit, and many other like benefits, I and other Christians have had by preaching; and God forbid that we should ever use it so, or so provoke him by our other sins, as to withdraw this blessed ordinance from us, or turn it into a curse, by preaching heresy and schism; which too many have done in the late time of rebellion, and indeed now do in many conventicles; and their auditors think such preaching is serving God, when God knows it is contrary." Such were the rational grounds on which he founded his faith and practice.

No excuse is pleaded for again noticing the opportunities of improvement, which he experienced from his appropriated intimacy with the most eminent divines of the church of England. Genuine friendship exists but among the virtuous. A friend is emphatically styled "the medicine of life," the sovereign remedy that softens the pangs of sorrow, and alleviates the anguish of the heart. We cannot therefore sufficiently felicitate the condition of Izaak Walton, who imbibed the very spirit of friendship; and that with men renowned for their wisdom and learning, for the sanctity of their manners, and the unsullied purity of their lives. "If," to use the words of one of his biographers, "we can entertain a doubt that Walton was one of the happiest of men, we show ourselves ignorant of the nature of that fe-

licity, to which it is possible even in this life for virtuous and good men, with the blessing of God, to arrive."

The features of the countenance often enable us to form a judgment, not very fallible, of the disposition of the mind. In few portraits can this discovery be more successfully pursued than in that of Izaak Walton. Lavater, the acute master of physiognomy, would, I think, instantly acknowledge in it the decisive traits of the original;—mild complaisance, forbearance, mature consideration, calm activity, peace, sound understanding, power of thought, discerning attention, and secretly active friendship. Happy in his unblemished integrity, happy in the approbation and esteem of others, he inwraps himself in his own virtue. The exultation of a good conscience eminently shines forth in the looks of this venerable person.

"Candida semper
Gaudia, et in vultu curarum ignara voluptas."

Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, used this motto, "Serve God, and be cheerful." Our biographer seems to have adhered to this golden maxim during the whole tenor of his life. His innocence and the inoffensive plainness of his manners, his love of truth, his piety, and the unbiassed rectitude of his conduct diffused over his mind a serenity and complacency which never forsook him. Let no one, however elevated in rank or station, however accomplished with learning, or exalted in genius, esteem himself undervalued, when it shall

be pronounced concerning him, that his religious and moral qualities are placed in the balance, or compared with those of Izaak Walton.

[For the purpose of rendering the biography of Walton as complete as possible, it has been deemed expedient to append to the preceding account such parts of Sir John Hawkins's Life of Walton, prefixed to "The Complete Angler," as treat on matters not touched upon by Zouch.]

THE excellent Lord Verulam has noted it as one of the great deficiencies of biographical history, that it is, for the most part, confined to the actions of kings, princes, and great personages, who are necessarily few; while the memory of less conspicuous, though good men, has been no better preserved than by vague reports and barren eulogies.

It is not therefore to be wondered at, if little care has been taken to perpetuate the remembrance of the person who is the subject of the present inquiry: and, indeed, there are many circumstances that seem to account for such an omission: for neither was he distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted, only, for an ingenious, humble, good man.

However, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a

very justifiable reason for endeavouring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance.

ISAAC, or, as he used to write it, IZAAK WALTON, was born at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593. The Oxford Antiquary, who has thus fixed the place and year of his nativity, has left us no memorials of his family, nor even hinted where or how he was educated; but has only told us, that before the year 1643 Walton was settled, and followed the trade of a sempster, in London.

From his own writings, then, it must be, that the circumstances attending his life must, in a great measure, come; and, as occasions offer, a proper use will be made of them; nevertheless a due regard will be paid to some traditional memoirs, which (besides that they contain nothing improbable) the authority of those, to whom we stand indebted for em, will not allow us to question.

His first settlement in London, as a shopkeeper, was in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567. In this situation he could scarcely be said to have had elbow-room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide; yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624; when "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." Now the old timber-house at the south-west corner of Chancery

Lane in Fleet Street, till within these few years, was known by that sign: it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door. And in this house he is, — in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624, — said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton, and John Mason, hosier; whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

A citizen of this age would almost as much disdain to admit of a tenant for half his shop, as a knight would to ride double; though the brethren of one of the most ancient orders in the world were so little above this practice, that their common seal was the device of two riding on one horse. A more than gradual deviation from that parsimonious character, of which this is a ludicrous instance, hastened the grandeur and declension of that fraternity; and it is rather to be wished than hoped, that the vast increase of trade of this country, and an aversion from the frugal manners of our forefathers, may not be productive of similar consequences to this nation in general.

I conjecture, that about 1632 he married; for in that year I find him living in a house in Chancery Lane, a few doors higher up, on the left hand, than the former, and described by the occupation of a sempster or milliner. The former of these might be his own proper trade; and the latter, as being a feminine occupation, might probably be carried on by his wife. She, it appears, was Anne, the daughter

of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterwards Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the seven that were sent to the Tower, and who at the Revolution was deprived, and died in retirement. Walton seems to have been as happy in the married state, as the society and friendship of a prudent and pious woman of great endowments could make him; and that Mrs. Walton was such a one, we may conclude from what will be said of her hereafter.

About 1643 he left London, and, with a fortune very far short of what would now be called a competency, seems to have retired altogether from business; at which time (to use the words of Wood), "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford, and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved."

While he continued in London, his favorite recreation was angling, in which he was the greatest proficient of his time; and indeed, so great were his skill and experience in that art, that there is scarce any writer on the subject since his time, who has not made the rules and practice of Walton his very foundation. It is therefore with the greatest propriety that Langbaine calls him "the common father of all anglers."

The Precepts of Angling, — meaning thereby the rules and directions for taking fish with a hook and line, — till Walton's time, having hardly ever been reduced to writing, were propagated from age to

age chiefly by tradition. But Walton, whose benevolent and communicative temper appears in almost every line of his writings, unwilling to conceal from the world those assistances which his long practice and experience enabled him, perhaps the best of any man of his time, to give, in the year 1653 published, in a very elegant manner, his "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," in small duodecimo, adorned with exquisite cuts of most of the fish mentioned in it. The artist who engraved them has been so modest as to conceal his name; but there is great reason to suppose they are the work of Lombart, who is mentioned in the "Sculptura" of Mr. Evelyn; and also that the plates were of steel.

And let no man imagine, that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructional; for the contrary will most evidently appear, from a perusal of this excellent piece, which, whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages.

The truth is, that there are few subjects so barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of instruction, if ingeniously treated. Montaigne has written an essay on Coaches, and another on Thumbs; and our own nation has produced many men, who, from a peculiar felicity in their turn of thinking and manner of writing, have adorned, and

even dignified, themes the most dry and unpromising. Many would think that time ill-employed, which was spent in composing a treatise on the art of shooting in the long bow; and how few lovers of horticulture would expect entertainment from a discourse of Sallads! and yet the "Toxophilus" of Roger Ascham, and the "Acetaria" of Mr. Evelyn, have been admired and commended by the best judges of literature.

But that the reader may determine for himself, how much our author has contributed to the improvement of piscatory science, and how far his work may be said to be an original, it will be necessary for him to take a view of the state of angling at the time when he wrote; and that he may be the better able to do this, he will consider, that, till the time of the Reformation, although the clergy, as well regular as secular, — on account of their leisure, and because the canon law forbade them the use of the sanguinary recreations of hunting, hawking, and fowling, — were the great proficient in angling, yet none of its precepts were committed to writing; and that, from the time of the introduction of printing into this kingdom, to that of the first publication of Walton's book, in 1653, an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years, only five books on this subject had been given to the world. The first of that number, as well on account of its quaintness as antiquity, and because it is not a little characteristic of the age when it was written, deserves to be particularly distinguished. This tract, intitled "The Treatyse of Fysshynge

wyth an Angle," makes part of a book, like many others of that early time, without a title; but which, by the colophon, appears to have been printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, in a small folio, containing a treatise on hawking; another on hunting, in verse, — the latter taken, as it seems, from a Tract on that subject, written by old Sir Tristram, an ancient forester, cited in the "Forest Laws" of Manwood, chapter iv. in sundry places; a book wherein is determined the "Lygnage of Cote Armures;" the above-mentioned treatise "of Fishing;" and the method of "Blasyng of Armes."

The book printed by Wynkyn de Worde is in truth a republication of one known, to the curious, by the name of the "Book of St. Alban's," it appearing by the colophon to have been printed there, in 1486, and, as it seems, with Caxton's letter. Wynkyn de Worde's impression has the addition of the treatise "Of Fishing"; of which only it concerns us to speak.

The several tracts contained in the abovementioned two impressions of the same book, were compiled by Dame Julyans (or Juliana) Berners, Bernes, or Barnes; prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Alban's; a lady of a noble family, and celebrated, for her learning and accomplishments, by Leland, Bale, Pits, Bishop Tanner, and others. And the reason for her publishing it, in the manner it appears in, she gives us in the following words: "And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it, yf it were enprynt.

ed allone by itself and put in a lytyll plaunflet; therefore I have compyled it in a greter uolume, of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshynge, shold not by this means utterly dystroye it."

And as to the treatise itself, it must be deemed a great typographical curiosity, as well for the wooden sculpture which in the original immediately follows the title, as for the orthography and the character in which it is printed. And, with respect to the subject matter thereof, it begins with a comparison of fishing with the diversions of hunting, hawking, and fowling, which, the authoress shows, are attended with great inconveniences and disappointments: whereas in fishing, if his sport fail him, "the Angler," says she, "atte the leest, hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the Angler take fysshe; surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte."

At the beginning of the directions, "How the angler is to make his harnays, or tackle," he is thus instructed to provide a rod: "And how ye

shall make your rodde craftly, here I shall teche you. Ye shall kytte, between Myghelmas and Candelmas, a fayr staffe of a fadom and an halfe longe, and arme-grete, of hasyll, wyllowe, or aspe; and bethe hym in an hote ouyn, and sette him euyn; thenne, lete hym cole and drye a moneth. Take thenne and frette* hym, faste, with a coekeshote corde; and bynde hym to a fourme, or an euyn square grete tree. Take, thenne, a plumber's wire, that is euen and streyte, and sharpe at the one ende; and hete the sharpe ende in a charcole fyre till it be whyte, and brenne the staffe therwyth thorough, euer streyte in the pythe at bothe endes, tyll they mete: and after that brenne hym in the nether end wyth a byrde broche† and wyth other broches, eche gretter than other, and euer the grettest the laste; so that ye make your hole, aye, tapre were. Thenne lete hym lye styll, and kele two dayes; unfrette‡ hym thenne, and lete hym drye in an hous roof, in the smoke tyll he be through drye. In the same season, take a fayr yerde of grene hasyll, and bethe him euen and streyghte, and lete it drye with the staffe; and whan they ben drye, make the yerde mete unto the hole in the staffe, unto halfe the length of the staffe; and to perfourme that other half of the crophe, take a fayr shote of blacke thornn, crabbe tree, medeler, or of jenytre, kytte in the same season, and well bethyd and streyghte, and frette theym

* i. e. tie it about: the substantive plural, *frets* of a lute, is formed of this verb.

† A bird spit.

‡ Untie it.

togyder fetely, soo that the croppe maye justly entre all into the sayd hole ; thenne shaue your staffe, and make hym tapre were ; then vyrell the staffe at bothe ends with long hopis of yren, or laton, in the clenest wise, wyth a Pyke at the nether ende, fastnyd with a rennynge vyce, to take in and out your croppe ; thenne set your croppe an handfull within the ouer ende of your staffe, in suche wise that it be as bigge there as in any other place about : thenne arme your croppe at thouer ende, downe to the frette, wyth a lyne of vj heeres, and dubbe the lyne, and frette it faste in the toppe with a bowe to fasten on your lyne ; and thus shall ye make you a rodde soo prevy, that ye may walke therwyth ; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo.”

Speaking of the Barbel, she says : “ The Barbyll is a swete fysshe ; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body. For, comynly, he yeuyth an introducion to the febres : and yf he be eten rawe, he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.” And of the Carp, “ that it is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an euyll fysshe to take. For, he is soo stronge enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays hold hym.

“ And as touchynge his baytes, I have but lytyll knowledge of it. And me were loth to wryte more than I knowe and have prouyd. But well I wote, that the redde worme and the menow ben good baytes for hym at all tymes, as I have herde saye of persones credyble, and also founde wryten in bokes of credence.”

For taking the Pike, this lady directs her readers in the following terms, viz.

“Take a codlynge hoke ; and take a Roche, or a fresshe Heeryng ; and a wyre with an hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouth, and out at the taylle, downe by the ridge of the fresshe Heeryng ; and thenne put the lyne of your hoke in after, and drawe the hoke into the cheke of the fresshe Heeryng ; then put a plumbe of lede upon your lyne a yerde longe from your hoke, and a flote in myd waye betwene ; and caste it in a pytte where the Pyke usyth : and this is the beste and moost surest crafte of takynge the Pyke. Another manere takynge of hym there is ; take a frosshe,* and put it on your hoke, at the necke, between the skynne and the body, on the backe half, and put on a flote a yerde therefro, and caste it where the Pyke hauntyth, and ye shall haue hym. Another manere : Take the same bayte, and put it in asa fetida, and caste it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym. And yf ye lyst to haue a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote ; and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the Pyke shall haue the better.”

The directions for making flies, contained in this book, are, as one would expect, very inartificial : we shall therefore only add, that the authoress advises the angler to be provided with twelve different sorts ; between which and Walton's twelve, the difference is so very small, as well in the order as the

* Or Frog. Minsheu's Dictionary

manner of describing them, that there cannot remain the least doubt but he had seen and attentively perused this ancient treatise.

The book concludes with some general cautions, among which are these that follow: which at least serve to show how long Angling has been looked on as an auxiliary to contemplation.

"Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte, for no couetysenes, to the encreasyng and sparynge of your money oonly; but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue God, deuowtly, in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer; and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices."

But to return to the last mentioned work of our author, "The Complete Angler." It came into the world attended with Encomiastic Verses by several writers of that day; and had in the title-page, though Walton thought proper to omit it in the future editions, this apposite motto:

"Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, we also will go with thee,"—JOHN xxi. 3.

And here occasion is given us to remark, that the circumstance of time, and the distracted state of the kingdom at the period when the book was written, reaching indeed to the publication of the third edition thereof, are evidences of the author's inward temper and disposition; for who, but a man whose

mind was the habitation of piety, prudence, humility, peace, and cheerfulness, could delineate such a character as that of the principal interlocutor in this dialogue; and make him reason, contemplate, instruct, converse, jest, sing, and recite verses, with that sober pleasantry, that unlicentious hilarity, that Piscator does? and this, too, at a time when the whole kingdom was in arms, and confusion and desolation were carried to an extreme sufficient to have excited such a resentment against the authors of them, as might have soured the best temper, and rendered it, in no small degree, unfit for social intercourse.

If it should be objected, that what is here said may be equally true of an indolent man, or of a mind insensible to all outward accidents, and devoted to its own ease and gratification; to this it may be answered, that the person here spoken of was not such a man. On the contrary, in sundry views of his character, he appears to have been endowed both with activity and industry; an industrious tradesman; industrious in collecting biographical memoirs and historical facts, and in rescuing from oblivion the memory and writings of many of his learned friends; and, surely, against the suspicion of insensibility he must stand acquitted, who appears to have had the strongest attachments, that could consist with Christian charity, both to opinions and men; to episcopacy, to the doctrines, discipline, and the liturgy of the established church; and to those divines and others that favored the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country,

the subversion whereof it was his misfortune both to see and feel. Seeing, therefore, that amidst the public calamities, and in a state of exile from that city where the earliest and dearest of his connexions had been formed, he was thus capable of enjoying himself in the manner he appears to have done; patiently submitting to those evils which he could not prevent, we must pronounce him to have been an illustrious exemplar of the private and social virtues, and upon the whole a wise and good man.

To these remarks, respecting the moral qualities of Walton, I add, that his mental endowments were so considerable as to merit notice. It is true, that his stock of learning, properly so called, was not great; yet were his attainments in literature far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade, and not to a learned profession; for let it be remembered, that, besides being well versed in the study of the holy Scriptures and the writings of the most eminent divines of his time, he appears to have been well acquainted with history, ecclesiastical, civil, and natural; to have acquired a very correct judgment in poetry; and by phrases of his own combination and invention, to have formed a style so natural, intelligible, and elegant, as to have had more admirers than successful imitators.

And although in the prosecution of his design to teach the contemplative man the art of angling, there is a plainness and simplicity of discourse, that indicates little more than bare instruction, yet is there intermingled with it wit and gentle reprehension.

sion; and we may in some instances discover, that though he professes himself no friend to scoffing, he knew very well how to deal with scoffers, and to defend his art, as we see he does, against such as attempted to degrade it; and particularly against those two persons in the dialogue, Auceps and Venator, who affected to fear a long and watery discourse in defence of his art; the former of whom he puts to silence, and the other he converts and takes for his pupil.

What reception in general the book met with may be naturally inferred from the dates of the subsequent editions thereof; the second came abroad in 1655, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1688, and the fifth and last in 1676. It is pleasing to trace the several variations which the author, from time to time, made in these subsequent editions, as well by adding new facts and discoveries, as by enlarging on the more entertaining parts of the dialogue. And so far did he indulge himself in this method of improvement, that, besides that in the second edition, he has introduced a new interlocutor, to wit, Auceps, a falconer, and by that addition gives a new form to the dialogue; he from thence takes occasion to urge a variety of reasons in favor of his art, and to assert its preference as well to hawking as hunting. The third and fourth editions of his book have several entire new chapters; and the fifth, the last of the editions published in his lifetime, contains no less than eight chapters more than the first, and twenty pages more than the fourth.

Not having the advantage of a learned education, it may seem unaccountable that Walton so frequently cites authors that have written only in Latin, as Gesner, Cardan, Aldrovandus, Rondeletius, and even Albertus Magnus; but here it may be observed, that the voluminous history of animals, of which the first of these was author, is in effect translated into English by Mr. Edward Topsel, a learned divine, chaplain, as it seems, in the church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, to Dr. Neile, dean of Westminster. The translation was published in 1658, and,—containing in it numberless particulars concerning frogs, serpents, caterpillars, and other animals, though not of fish, extracted from the other writers abovenamed, and others with their names to the respective facts,—it furnishes Walton with a great variety of intelligence, of which, in the later editions of his book, he has carefully availed himself. It was therefore through the medium of this translation alone, that he was enabled to cite the other authors mentioned above; vouching the authority of the original writers, in like manner as he elsewhere does Sir Francis Bacon, whenever occasion occurs to mention his Natural History, or any other of his works. Pliny was translated to his hand by Dr. Philemon Holland, as were also Janus Dubravius “*De Piscinis et Piscium Naturâ*,” and Lebault’s “*Maison Rustique*,” so often referred to by him in the course of his work.

Nor did the reputation of “The Complete Angler” subsist only in the opinion of those for whose use it was more peculiarly calculated; but even the learn-

ed, either from the known character of the author, or those internal evidences of judgment and voracity contained in it, considered it as a work of merit, and for various purposes referred to its authority. Dr. Thomas Fuller, in his "Worthies," whenever he has occasion to speak of fish, uses his very words. Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," has, on the authority of our author, related two of the instances of the voracity of the Pike, mentioned Part I. Chapter 8; and confirmed them by two other signal ones, that had then lately fallen out in that county.

These are testimonies in favor of Walton's authority in matters respecting fish and fishing. And it will hardly be thought a diminution of that of Fuller, to say, that he was acquainted with, and a friend of, the person whom he thus implicitly commends; a fact which the relation of a conference between them sufficiently proves.

"The Complete Angler" having, in the space of twenty-three years, gone through four editions, Walton, in the year 1676, and in the eighty-third of his age, was preparing a fifth, with additions, for the press; when Mr. Cotton wrote a second part of that work. It seems Mr. Cotton submitted the manuscript to Walton's perusal, who returned it with his approbation, and a few marginal strictures: and in that year they came abroad together. Mr. Cotton's book had the title of "The Complete Angler; being Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling, in a clear stream; Part II." and it has ever since been received as a Second Part of Walton's

book. In the title-page is a cipher composed of the initial letters of both their names; which cipher, Mr. Cotton tells us, he had caused to be cut in stone, and set up over a fishing-house, that he had erected near his dwelling, on the bank of the little river Dove, which divides the counties of Stafford and Derby.

Mr. Cotton's book is a judicious supplement to Walton's; for it must not be concealed, that Walton, though he was so expert an angler, knew but little of fly-fishing; and indeed he is so ingenuous as to confess, that the greater part of what he has said on that subject was communicated to him by Mr. Thomas Barker, and not the result of his own experience. This Mr. Barker was a good-humored, gossiping old man, and seems to have been a cook; for he says, "he had been admitted into most of the ambassadors' kitchens, that had come to England for forty years, and dressed fish for them; for which," he says, "he was duly paid by the Lord Protector." He spent a great deal of time, and, it seems, money too, in fishing; and, in the latter part of his life, dwelt in an almshouse, near the Gatehouse, Westminster. In 1661, two years before the first publication of Walton's work, he published a work in 12mo. called the "Art of Angling," to which he affixed his name.* He published in 1653 a second

* Walton, in the first edition, page 108, says, "I will tell you freely, I find Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent much time and money in angling, deal so judiciously and freely in a little book of his of angling, and especially of making and angling with a fly for a

edition, in 4to. under the same title, but without his name; and in 1659, he published the third edition of it, under the enlarged title of "Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling." And for that singular vein of humor that runs through it, a most diverting book it is.

And of Cotton it must be said, that living in a country where fly-fishing was, and is, almost the only practice, he had not only the means of acquiring, but actually possessed more skill in the art, as also in the method of making flies, than most men of his time.

His book is, in fact, a continuation of Walton's, not only as it teaches at large that branch of the art of angling which Walton had but slightly treated on, but as it takes up Venator, Walton's piscatory disciple, just where his master had left him; and this connexion between the two parts will be clearly seen, when it is remarked, that the traveller, whom Cotton invites to his house and so hospitably entertains, and also instructs in the art of fly-fishing, — I say this traveller, and Venator, the pupil of Walton, come out to be one and the same person. There is a great spirit in the dialogue; and the same conversable, communicative temper appears in

trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation, which shall follow." In his fifth edition he again mentions the use which he had made of Barker's book, but in different words: "I shall give some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent much time in fishing, but I shall do it with a little variation."

it that so eminently distinguishes the piece it accompanies.

The Descriptions of Flies, with the materials for, and different methods of making them, though they may admit of some improvement, are indisputably the most exact and copious of all that have ever yet been published.

At the end of the Second Part were some verses of Cotton's writing, which he calls the "Retirement, or Stanzas Irreguliers." Of them, and also of the book, take this character from Langbaine: "This book is not unworthy of the perusal of the gravest men that are lovers of this innocent recreation; and those who are not anglers, but have a taste for poetry, may find Mr. Cotton's character better described by himself, in a copy of verses printed at the end of that book, called the 'Retirement,' than any I might present the reader from Colonel Lovelace, Sir Aston Cockaine, Robert Herrick, Esq., or Mr. Alexander Brome; all which have writ Verses in our author's praise; but, in my poor judgment, far short of these 'Stanzas Irreguliers.'" In short, these books contain a great number of excellent rules and valuable discoveries; and it may, with truth, be said, that few have ever perused them, but have, unless it was their own fault, found themselves not only better anglers, but better men.

A book, which had been published by Col. Robert Venables, some years before, called the "Experienced Angler, or Angling Improved," which has its merit, was also now reprinted; and the booksellers prefixed to it a general title of "The Universal

Angler"; under which they sometimes sold the three bound together. It has a preface signed I. W. undoubtedly of Walton's writing.

And here it may not be amiss to remark, that between the two parts of the "Complete Angler" there is an obvious difference; the latter part, though it abounds in descriptions of a wild and romantic country, and exemplifies the intercourse of hospitable urbanity, is of a didactic form, and contains in it more of instruction in the art it professes to teach, than of moral reflection: whereas the former, besides the pastoral simplicity that distinguishes it, is replete with sentiments that edify, and precepts that recommend, in the most persuasive manner, the practice of religion, and the exercise of patience, humility, contentedness, and other moral virtues. In this view of it, the book might be said to be the only one of the kind, but that I find somewhat like an imitation of it extant, in a tract entitled "Angling improved to Spiritual Uses," part of an octavo volume written by that eminent person, the Hon. Robert Boyle, an angler, as himself confesses, and published in 1665, with this title: "Occasional Reflections upon several subjects; whereto is premised a Discourse about such kind of thoughts."

Great names are entitled to great respect. The character of Mr. Boyle, as a devout Christian and deep philosopher, is deservedly in high estimation; and a comparison between his Reflections and those of Walton might seem an invidious labor. But see the irresistible impulse of wit! The book here referred to was written in the very younger years of

the author; and Swift, who had but little learning himself, and was better skilled in party politics than in mathematics or physics, respected no man for his proficiency in either, and accordingly has not spared to turn the whole of it into ridicule.*

[After giving an analysis of the "Lives," Hawkins proceeds:]

Such were the persons whose virtues Walton was so laudably employed in celebrating; and surely he has done but justice in saying that "These were honorable men in their generations."—EccLUS. xlv. 7. And yet so far was he from arrogating to himself any merit in this his labor, that, in the instance of Dr. Donne's Life, he compares himself to Pompey's bondman, who, being found on the sea-shore gathering up the scattered fragments of an old broken boat, in order to burn the body of his dead master, was asked, "Who art thou that preparest the funeral of Pompey the Great?"—hoping, as he says, that if a like question should be put to him, it would be thought to have in it more of wonder than disdain.

The above passage in Scripture, assumed by Walton as a motto to the collection of Lives, may, with equal propriety, be applied to most of his friends and intimates; who were men of such distinguished characters for learning and piety, and so many in number, that it is a matter of wonder by what means a man in his station could obtain admittance among so illustrious a society; unless we will suppose, as doubtless was the case, that his integrity and amiable

* See his "Meditation on a Broomstick."

disposition attracted the notice, and conciliated the affections, of all with whom he had any concern.

It is observable, that not only these, but the rest of Walton's friends, were eminent royalists; and that he himself was in great repute for his attachment to the royal cause, will appear by the relation taken from Ashmole's "History of the Order of the Garter," page 228; where the author, speaking of the ensigns of the order, says: "Nor will it be unfitly here remembered, by what good fortune the present sovereign's Lesser George, set with fair diamonds, was preserved, after the defeat given to the Scotch forces at Worcester, ann. 4 Car. II. Among the rest of his attendants then dispersed, Colonel Blague was one; who, taking shelter at Blore-pipe-house in Staffordshire, where one Mr. George Barlow then dwelt, delivered his wife this George to secure. Within a week after, Mr. Barlow himself carried it to Robert Milward, Esq.; he being then a prisoner to the parliament, in the garrison of Stafford; and by his means was it happily preserved and restored; for, not long after, he delivered it to Mr. Izaak Walton (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men; and will be better known to posterity, by his ingenious pen in the Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert), to be given to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower; who, considering it had already passed so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own; and thereupon, leaving the Tower without leave-taking, hastened the presentation of it to the present sovereign's hand."

The religious opinions of good men are of little importance to others, any farther than they necessarily conduce to virtuous practice ; since we see, that as well the different persuasions of Papist and Protestant, as the several no less differing parties into which the Reformed Religion is unhappily subdivided, have produced men equally remarkable for their endowments, sincere in their professions, and exemplary in their lives. But were it necessary, after what has been above remarked of him, to be particular on this head, with respect to our author we should say, that he was a very dutiful son of the Church of England ; nay further, that he was a friend to a hierarchy, or, as we should now call such a one, a high churchman ; for which propensity of his, if it needs an apology, it may be said, that he had lived to see hypocrisy and fanaticism triumph in the subversion of both our ecclesiastical and civil constitution, — the important question of toleration had not been discussed, the extent of regal prerogative and the bounds of civil and religious liberty, had never been ascertained, — and he, like many other good men, might look on the interests of the Church, and those of Religion, as inseparable.

Besides the works of Walton abovementioned, there are extant, of his writing, Verses on the death of Dr. Donne, beginning, " Our Donne is dead " ; Verses to his reverend friend the author of the " Synagogue," printed together with Herbert's " Temple " ; Verses before Alexander Brome's Poems, octavo, 1646, and before Shirley's Poems, oc-

tavo, 1646, and before Cartwright's Plays and Poems, octavo, 1651. He wrote also the following Lines under an engraving of Dr. Donne, before his Poems, published in 1635.

" This was, — for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, — that time

Most count their golden age ; but was not thine :

Thine was thy later years ; so much refined

From youth's dross, mirth, and wit, — as thy pure mind

Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise

Of thy Creator, in those last, best days.

Witness this book (thy emblem), which begins

With love ; but ends with sighs and tears for sins."

A few moments before his death, our author made his will, which appears, by the peculiarity of many expressions contained in it, as well as by the hand, to be of his own writing. As there is something characteristic in this last solemn act of his life, it has been thought proper to insert an authentic copy thereof in this account of him ; postponing it, only to the following reflections on his life and character.

Upon a retrospect of the foregoing particulars, and a view of some others mentioned in a subsequent letter and in his Will, it will appear that Walton possessed that essential ingredient in human felicity, "*mens sana in corpore sano*" ; for in his eighty-third year he professes a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into a country the most difficult and hazardous that can be conceived for an aged man to travel in, to visit his

friend Cotton,* and doubtless to enjoy his favorite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove; and on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, he, by his Will, declares himself to be of perfect memory.

* To this journey he seems to have been invited by Mr. Cotton, in the following beautiful Stanzas, printed with other of his Poems in 1689, 8vo. and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton :

“ Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improved,
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here :

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

As to his worldly circumstances, — notwithstanding the adverse accident of his being obliged, by the troubles of the times, to quit London and his occupation, — they appear to have been commensurate, as well to the wishes as the wants of any but a covetous and intemperate man; and in his relations

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We 'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly :

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray, —
We 'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying Trout our prey.

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme ;
But then, — should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

and connexions, such a concurrence of circumstances is visible, as it would be almost presumption to pray for.

For,—not to mention the patronage of those many prelates and dignitaries of the church, men of piety and learning, with whom he lived in a close intimacy and friendship; or the many ingenious and worthy persons with whom he corresponded and conversed; or the esteem and respect, testified by printed letters and eulogiums, which his writings had procured him,—to be matched with a woman of an exalted understanding and a mild and humble temper; to have children of good inclinations and sweet and amiable dispositions, and to see them well settled; is not the lot of every man that, preferring a social to a solitary life, chooses to become the head of a family.

But blessings like these are comparatively light, when weighed against those of a mind stored, like his, with a great variety of useful knowledge, and a temper that could harbour no malevolent thought or insidious design, nor stoop to the arts of fraud or flattery, but dispose him to love and virtuous friendship, to the enjoyments of innocent delights and recreations, to the contemplation of the works of Nature and the ways of Providence, and to the still sublimer pleasures of rational piety.

If, possessing all these benefits and advantages, external and internal (together with a mental constitution, so happily attuned as to have been to him a perpetual fountain of cheerfulness), we can entertain a doubt that Walton was one of the hap-

piest of men, we estimate them at a rate too low ; and show ourselves ignorant of the nature of that felicity to which it is possible, even in this life for virtuous and good men, with the blessing of God, to arrive.

COPY OF WALTON'S WILL.

“ August the ninth, one thousand six hundred eighty-three.

“ IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, I IZAAK WALTON the elder, of Winchester, being, this present day, in the ninetieth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God ; but considering how suddenly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last Will and Testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind ; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour Jesus : And because the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it, at least, to be convenient to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth ; and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Church. And for my worldly estate (which I have neither got by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the

law of this nation), I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth : First, I give my son-in-law, Doctor Hawkins and to his wife ; to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop in Paternoster-row, in London, which I hold by lease from the lord bishop of London for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in Chancery Lane, London, wherein Mrs. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come : I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son Izaak all my right and title to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord bishop of Winton : And I do also give him all my right and title to a farme or land near to Stafford, which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell ; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever ; but upon the condition following, namely ; if my son shall not marry before he shall be of age of forty-and-one years, or, being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land, or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty-and-one years, to dispose otherways of it, — then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of Stafford, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth ; (but first note, that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pound ten shillings a year, and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair ; and I would have, and do give ten pound of the said

rent, to bind out, yearly, two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handy-craft men, to the intent the said boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pound yearly, out of the said rent, to be given to some maid servant, that hath attained the age of twenty and* one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage; and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first, I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the major of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be employed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the first weeke in January, or in every first week in February; I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with onesty and a good conscience. And if the said major and others of the said town of Stafford shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid, — then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme or land, to the towne, and chief magistrates or governors, of Eccleshall, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have

ordered the disposal of it by the towne of Stafford, the said farme or land being near the towne of Eccleshall. And I give to my son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, whom I love as my own son; and to my daughter, his wife; and my son Izaak; to each of them a ring, with these words or motto; "Love my memory, I. W. obiit : " to the Lord Bishop of Winton a ring, with this motto; "A mite for a million, I. W. obiit : " and to the friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto: "A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit ." And my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death; and that the price or value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence a piece. I give to Dr. Hawkins, Doctor Donne's Sermons, which I have heard preacht, and read with much content. To my son Izaak, I give Doctor Sibbs his "Soul's Conflict"; and to my daughter his "Bruised Reed," desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. And I also give unto her all my books at Winchester and Droxford, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son Izaak: but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my granddaughter, Anne Hawkins. And I give my daughter Doctor Hall's Works, which be now at Farnham. To my son Izaak I give all my books, not yet given, at Farnham, Castell; and a deske of prints and pictures; also a cabinet near my bed's head, in which are some little things that he will value, though of no

great worth. And my will and desire is, that he shall be kind to his aunt Beachame, and his aunt Rose Ken; by allowing the first about fifty shillings a year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr. John Whitehead: for his aunt Ken, I desire him to be kind to her according to her necessitie and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr. John Darbyshire the Sermons of Mr. Anthony Farrington, or of Dr. Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. To my servant, Thomas Edgill, I give five pound in money, and all my cloths, linen and woollen, except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr. Holinshed, and forty shillings if the said Thomas be my servant at my death; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend, Mr. Richard Marriott,* ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it. And I do hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament; and Dr. Hawkins to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will (to which I shall only add the codicil for rings), this sixteenth day of August,

* Bookseller, and his Publisher.

one thousand six hundred eighty-three. IZAAK WALTON. Witness to this will.

The rings I give, are as on the other side. To my brother John Ken; to my sister, his wife; to my brother, Doctor Ken; to my sister Pye; to Mr. Francis Morley; to Mr. George Vernon; to his wife; to his three daughters; to Mistris Nelson; to Mr. Richard Walton; to Mr. Palmer; to Mr. Taylor; to Mr. Thomas Garrard; to the Lord Bishop of Sarum; to Mr. Rede, his servant; to my cousin Dorothy Kenrick; to my cousin Lewin; to Mr. Walter Higgs; to Mr. Charles Cotton; to Mr. Richard Marryot: 22. To my brother Beacham; to my sister, his wife; to the lady Anne How; to Mrs. King, Doctor Phillips's wife; to Mr. Valentine Harecourt; to Mrs. Eliza Johnson; to Mrs. Mary Rogers; to Mrs. Eliza Milward; to Mrs. Dorothy Wollop; to Mr. Will. Milward, of Christ-church, Oxford; to Mr. John Darbyshire; to Mr. Undevill; to Mrs. Rock; to Mr. Peter White; to Mr. John Lloyde; to my cousin Creinsell's Widow; Mrs. Dalbin must not be forgotten: 16. IZAAK WALTON. Note, that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated, and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, in the presence of us: Witness, Abraham Markland, Jos. Taylor, Thomas Crawley.

[The following are the verses mentioned on page lxxviii.]

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS,

TO

MR. IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again ;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !
How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !
What peace, what unanimity !
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation !

III.

Oh how happy here 's our leisure !
 Oh how innocent our pleasure !
 Oh ye valleys, Oh ye mountains !
 Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love, at liberty,
 By turns to come and visit ye !

IV.

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend :
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone, that keep'st the soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone,
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, and offending none !
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease !
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

VI.

Oh my beloved nymph, fair Dove !
 Princess of rivers ! how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam !
 And in it, all thy wanton fry,
 Playing at liberty :
 And, with my angle, upon them
 The all of treachery
 I ever learnt, industriously to try.

VII.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po ;
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle water all, compared with thine :
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare :
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie priority ;
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved rocks ! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
 How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down ;
 And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above !
Oh my beloved caves ! from dog-star's heat
And all anxieties my safe retreat :
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take !
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Even of my dearest friends, have I,
 In your recesses' friendly shade,
 All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy !

IX.

Lord ! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be ;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
Live but undisturbed and free !
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old :
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

C. C.

WALTON'S LIVES.



TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
AND REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
GEORGE,
LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
AND PRELATE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

I DID, some years past, present you with a plain relation of the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, that humble man, to whose memory princes and the most learned of this nation have paid a reverence at the mention of his name. And now, with Mr. Hooker's, I present you also the Life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and, with his, the Life of Dr. Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. The two first were written under your roof; for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication: and indeed, so

you might of Dr. Donne's and Sir Henry Wotton's; because, if I had been fit for this undertaking, it would not have been by acquired learning and study, but by the advantage of forty years' friendship, and thereby with hearing and discoursing with your Lordship, that hath enabled me to make the relation of these Lives passable (if they prove so) in an eloquent and captious age.

And indeed, my Lord, though these relations be well-meant sacrifices to the memory of these worthy men, yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg pardon for superscribing your name to them, and desire all that know your Lordship, to apprehend this not as a Dedication (at least by which you receive any addition of honor), but rather as an humble and a more public acknowledgment of your long continued, and your now daily favors to,

My Lord,

Your most affectionate

And most humble servant,

IZAACK WALTON.

TO THE READER.

THOUGH the several introductions to these several Lives have partly declared the reasons how and why I undertook them, yet since they are come to be reviewed and augmented and reprinted, and the four* are now become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I sometime look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons that occasioned me to be so, yet let me add this to what is there said, that by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter easily into a law-suit or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair

* He had not then written the Life of Bishop Sanderson.

retreat and be quiet when they desire it. And really, after such a manner I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions ; and that begot a like necessity of writing the Life of his and my ever honored friend, Sir Henry Wotton.

And having writ these two Lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind ; for I thought I knew my unfitness. But about that time, Dr. Gauden (then Lord Bishop of Exeter) published the life of Mr. Richard Hooker (so he called it), with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his Grace Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the Bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a fuller and truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books than that bishop had done ; and I know I have done so. And let me tell the reader, that till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it ; but when he twice enjoined me to it, I then declined my own, and trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands ; concluding, that if I did not I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude for his many favors. Thus I became engaged into the third Life.

For the Life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a free-will offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself, but yet not without some respect to posterity. For though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us ; for I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition, especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the reader, that though this Life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public ; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing ; so that the reader may find in it some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer ; and yet I hope none so great, as may not by this confession purchase pardon from a good-natured reader.

And now I wish, that as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own Lives ; but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too diffi-

cult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honor due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist, Dr. Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln), hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know, that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life, as for his great and useful learning; and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine which he had preached and printed in the happy days of the nation and the church's peace? And who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my preface with wishing that it were so.

J. W.

TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,
MR. IZAAK WALTON,
ON HIS
LIFE OF DR. DONNE, &c.

WHEN, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There's justly due from every hand and eye
That can, or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe great merits to defray,
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That with their birth they oft receive their fate,
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,
Yet what most poets write proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, and more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral-torch expire.

This history can give ; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,
That what you write may Envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be bribed or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest ;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father then,* to see
Those men he loved, by him he loved, to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit,
Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,
He saw in Fame's eternal annals writ.

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was,†
Which eating age, nor fire shall e'er deface.

*The character of Mr. Charles Cotton, the father of Charles Cotton the poet, is most beautifully delineated by the Earl of Clarendon, in his own Life. Ed. 1759. p. 16.

† His monument in St. Paul's Church, before the late dreadful fire, 1665.

A monument that, as it has, shall last
And prove a monument to that defaced ;
Itself, but with the world, not to be razed.

And even in their flowery characters,
My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;
For you have honor'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus by an office, though particular,
Virtue's whole common-weal obliged are ;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know,
That the true friendship we to merit owe,
Is not discharged by compliment and show.

But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,
From all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind.

For, whereas most men's friendships here beneath,
Do perish with their friends' expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent,
As raised unto himself a monument,
With which Ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by :

Because they show not how th' Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of his praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied,
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton, — a nobler soul was never bred ! —
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honor and of arts,
Brought him secure from Envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levelled at the greatest parts ;

Through all th' employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit,
The trials then, now trophies, of his merit ;

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have,
Thro' all state-tempests, thro' each wind and wave,
And laid him in an honorable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's beloved Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run,
To the meridian of his glorious sun ;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error, and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way to truth :

By the same clew, after his useful swing,
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where a once wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in Religion,
Yet 't is by you we know how it was done ;

And know, that having crucified vanities
And fixed his hope, he closed up his own eyes,
And then your friend a saint and preacher dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
I' the Church's ruins overwhelm'd and lost,
Is by your pen recovered from his dust.

And Herbert ; — he, whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with Ambition,

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country-cure does all disclaim ;

Where, with a soul composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our obliged posterity shall profess,
T' have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now ! when many worthier would be proud
T' appear before you, if they were allowed,
I take up room enough to serve a crowd :

Where to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit :

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due,
Were what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 't is so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great, and more proud world, must die :

In which estate I ask no more of Fame,
Nor other monument of Honor claim,
Than that of your true friend, t' advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen to write your Life when dead,
I think an honestest cannot be read.

CHARLES COTTON.

JAN. 17, 1672.

COPY OF A LETTER
WRIT TO
MR. IZAAK WALTON,

BY
DOCTOR KING, LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

HONEST IZAAK,

THOUGH a familiarity of more than forty years' continuance, and the constant experience of your love, even in the worst of the late sad times, be sufficient to endear our friendship; yet, I must confess my affection much improved, not only by evidences of private respect to many that know and love you, but by your new demonstration of a public spirit, testified in a diligent, true, and useful collection of so many material passages as you have now afforded me in the Life of venerable Mr. Hooker; of which, since desired by such a friend as yourself, I shall not deny to give the testimony of what I know concerning him and his learned books; but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell you, that you have been happy in

choosing to write the Lives of three such persons, as posterity hath just cause to honor ; which they will do the more for the true relation of them by your happy pen : of all which I shall give you my unfeigned censure.

I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable friend, Dr. Donne, late Dean of St. Paul's Church, who not only trusted me as his executor, but, three days before his death, delivered into my hands those excellent Sermons of his, now made public ; professing before Dr. Winniff, Dr. Monford, and, I think, yourself then present at his bed-side, that it was by my restless importunity, that he had prepared them for the press ; together with which (as his best legacy) he gave me all his sermon-notes, and his other papers, containing an extract of near fifteen hundred authors. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger for them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain. But, since they did miscarry, I am glad that the general demonstration of his worth was so fairly preserved, and represented to the world by your pen in the history of his life ; indeed so well, that beside others, the best critic of our later time (Mr. John Hales of Eaton College) affirmed to me, he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr. Donne's.

After the performance of this task for Dr. Donne, you undertook the like office for your friend, Sir Henry Wotton; betwixt which two there was a friendship begun in Oxford, continued in their various travels, and more confirmed in the religious friendship of age: and doubtless this excellent person had writ the Life of Dr. Donne, if death had not prevented him; by which means his and your pre-collections for that work fell to the happy menagè of your pen, — a work which you would have declined, if imperious persuasions had not been stronger than your modest resolutions against it. And I am thus far glad, that the first Life was so imposed upon you, because it gave an unavoidable cause of writing the second: if not, it is too probable we had wanted both, which had been a prejudice to all lovers of honor and ingenious learning. And let me not leave my friend, Sir Henry, without this testimony added to yours; that he was a man of as florid a wit, and as elegant a pen, as any former (or ours, which in that kind is a most excellent) age hath ever produced.

And now, having made this voluntary observation of our two deceased friends, I proceed to satisfy your desire concerning what I know and believe of the ever-memorable Mr. Hooker, who was "*Schismaticorum Malleus*," so great a champion for the Church of England's rights against

the factious torrent of Separatists, that then ran high against church discipline; and in his unanswerable books continues to be so against the unquiet disciples of their schism, which now, under other names, still carry on their design, and who (as the proper heirs of their irrational zeal) would again rake into the scarce closed wounds of a newly bleeding state and church.

And first, though I dare not say that I knew Mr. Hooker; yet, as our Ecclesiastical History reports to the honor of St. Ignatius, "that he lived in the time of St. John, and had seen him in his childhood;" so I also joy, that in my minority I have often seen Mr. Hooker with my father, who was after Bishop of London; from whom and others, at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his Life, and from my father received such a character of his learning, humility, and other virtues, that, like jewels of invaluable price, they still cast such a lustre, as envy or the rust of time shall never darken.

From my father I have also heard all the circumstances of the plot to defame him, and how Sir Edwin Sandys outwitted his accusers, and gained their confession; and I could give an account of each particular of that plot, but that I judge it fitter to be forgotten, and rot in the same grave with the malicious authors.

I may not omit to declare, that my father's knowledge of Mr. Hooker, was occasioned by the learned Dr. John Spencer, who, after the death of Mr. Hooker, was so careful to preserve his invaluable sixth, seventh, and eighth books of "Ecclesiastical Polity," and his other writings, that he procured Henry Jackson, then of Corpus Christi College, to transcribe for him all Mr. Hooker's remaining written papers, many of which were imperfect; for his study had been rifled, or worse used, by Mr. Chark and another, of principles too like his. But these papers were endeavoured to be completed by his dear friend, Dr. Spencer, who bequeathed them as a precious legacy to my father, after whose death they rested in my hand, till Dr. Abbot, then Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded them out of my custody, by authorizing Dr. John Barkeham to require and bring them to him to his palace in Lambeth; at which time, I have heard, they were put into the Bishop's library, and that they remained there till the martyrdom of Archbishop Laud, and were then, by the brethren of that faction, given, with all the library, to Hugh Peters, as a reward for his remarkable service in those sad times of the Church's confusion. And though they could hardly fall into a fouler hand, yet there wanted not other endeavours to corrupt and make them speak that language for which the faction then

fought, which indeed was, "to subject the sovereign power to the people."

But I need not strive to vindicate Mr. Hooker in this particular. His known loyalty to his prince whilst he lived, the sorrow expressed by King James at his death, the value our late sovereign (of ever-blessed memory) put upon his works, and now, the singular character of his worth by you, given in the passages of his Life, especially in your Appendix to it, do sufficiently clear him from that imputation. And I am glad you mention how much value Thomas Stapleton, Pope Clement the Eighth, and other eminent men of the Romish persuasion, have put upon his books; having been told the same in my youth by persons of worth that have travelled Italy.

Lastly, I must again congratulate this undertaking of yours, as now more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long knowledge and alliance to the worthy family of the Cranmers (my old friends also), who have been men of noted wisdom, especially Mr. George Cranmer, whose prudence, added to that of Sir Edwin Sandys, proved very useful in the completing of Mr. Hooker's matchless books. One of their letters I herewith send you, to make use of if you think fit. And let me say further; you merit much from many of Mr. Hooker's best friends then living; namely, from the ever-re-

nowned Archbishop Whitgift, of whose incomparable worth, with the character of the times, you have given us a more short and significant account than I have received from any other pen. You have done much for the learned Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend; amongst the surviving monuments of whose learning (give me leave to tell you so) two are omitted; his edition of Euclid, but especially his translation of "King James's Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," into elegant Latin; which, flying in that dress as far as Rome, was by the Pope and Conclave sent to Salamanca unto Francis Suarez (then residing there as president of that college) with a command to answer it. And it is worth noting, that when he had perfected the work which he calls "*Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*," it was transmitted to Rome for a view of the inquisitors, who, according to their custom, blotted out what they pleased, and (as Mr. Hooker hath been used since his death) added whatsoever might advance the Pope's supremacy, or carry on their own interest; commonly coupling together "*deponere et occidere*," the deposing and then killing of princes: which cruel and unchristian language, Mr. John Saltkel, the amanuensis to Saurez, when he wrote that answer (but since a convert, and living long in my father's house), often professed the good old man (whose

piety and charity Mr. Saltkel magnified much) not only disavowed, but detested. Not to trouble you further; your reader (if according to your desire my approbation of your work carries any weight) will here find many just reasons to thank you for it; and possibly for this circumstance here mentioned (not known to many), may happily apprehend one to thank him, who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly, Sir, your ever faithful and affectionate old friend,

HENRY CHICHESTER.

CHICHESTER, Nov. 17, 1664.

THE LIFE
OF
DOCTOR JOHN DONNE,
LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
LONDON.



THE INTRODUCTION.

IF that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eaton College, had lived to see the publication of these Sermons,* he had presented the world with the author's Life exactly written; and it was pity he did not; for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it; betwixt whom and the author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And though their bodies were divided, their affections were not; for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave, which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but

* This Life was originally prefixed to the first collection of Dr. Donne's Sermons, printed in 1640.

my knowledge of the author and love to his memory might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen ; but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these Sermons were to be printed, and want the author's Life, which I thought to be very remarkable, indignation or grief (indeed I know not which) transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was ; — (the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore, with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master, and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans) — “ Who art thou that alone hast the honor to bury the body of Pompey the Great ? ” so, who am I that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire ? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain. But wonder indeed the reader may, that

I, who profess myself artless, should presume, with my faint light, to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious ! But be this to the disadvantage of the person represented : certain I am it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken ; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of his officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory ; for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent ; and, I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to intreat the reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life ; and I dare not now appear without it.



THE LIFE
OF
JOHN DONNE.

MASTER JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know, that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the tenth year of his age, and in his eleventh year was sent to the university of Oxford ; having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This and some other of his remarkable abilities made one then give this censure of him ; that this age had brought forth another *Picus Mirandula*, of whom story says, that he was rather born, than made wise by study.

There he remained some years in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning, expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forebore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titular honor of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age, he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he stayed till his seventeenth year ; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the law, where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into the society, and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. (It was three thousand pounds.) His mother and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors both in the mathematics, and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But with these arts they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish Church, of which those tutors professed (though secretly) themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his preface to the "Pseudo-Martyr"; a book, of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself

to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him, that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he being then unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore (though his youth and health promised him a long life), to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and begun seriously to survey and consider the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church. And as God's blessed spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him, (they be his own words in his Preface to "Pseudo-Martyr,") so he calls the same holy spirit to witness this protestation, that, in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way; namely, frequent prayers and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer; and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty; and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age did show the then Dean of Gloucester (whose name my memory hath now lost) all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following he resolved to travel; and the Earl of Essex going first the Cales, and after the Island voyages, the first anno 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments. But he returned not back into England, till he had stayed some years first in Italy, and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the

Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness; which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Elsemore, then keeper of the great seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state, for which his Lordship did often protest he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship, in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant, as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friends; during which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking, as (with her approbation) increased into a love with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who

was niece to the Lady Elsemore, and daughter to Sir George More, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surry; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises, which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves; and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other; but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father, a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together (I forbear to tell the manner how), and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on

those that were unwilling to have it so, and that preapprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George (doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear), the news was, in favor to Mr. Donne and with his allowance, made known to Sir George, by his honorable friend and neighbour, Henry Earl of Northumberland. But it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Elsemore, to join with him to procure her Lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered that errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismissal, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor, Charles the Fifth, did of his secretary, Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "that in

his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him;” yet the Lord Chancellor said, “he parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject.”

Immediately after his dismission from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife to acquaint her with it; and, after the subscription of his name, writ,

“JOHN DONNE, ANNE DONNE, UN-DONE.”

And God knows it proved too true: for this bitter physic of Mr. Donne’s dismission was not strong enough to purge out all Sir George’s choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brook (who was after Doctor in Divinity and Master of Trinity College), and his brother, Mr. Christopher Brook, sometime Mr. Donne’s chamber-fellow in Lincoln’s Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy; and being past these troubles, others did

still multiply upon him, for his wife was (to her extreme sorrow) detained from him ; and though with Jacob he endured not a hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law, which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth, travel, and needless bounty had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men ; and it proved so with Sir George ; for these and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour (which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant, irresistible art), these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son ; and this at last melted him into so much remorse (for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits ; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat), that he labored his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her Lord, but with no success ; for his answer was, " that though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done,

yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret; (for men do more naturally reluct for errors, than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment.) But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer and not to receive courtesies. These and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford in Surry, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him, where they remained, with much freedom to

themselves and equal content to him, for some years ; and as their charge increased (she had yearly a child) so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people ; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it (he only knows why) to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind ; and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments, whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate ; which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church, as to afford it in every age some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind ; a disposition that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to him, who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times (anno 1648) he did bless with many such, some of which live to be patterns of apostolical charity and of more than human patience.

I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse ; namely, Dr. Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham ; one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of ninety-four years (and is yet living) ; one that, in his days of plenty, had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now (be it spoken with sorrow) reduced to a narrow state, which he embraces without repining, and still shows the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose. " Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you, what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you, which nevertheless I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer, and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return

to, me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me."

This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus: "Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment, and I know your fitness for it, and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court-promises; and let me tell you, that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes and enter into holy orders; which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request. The king hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my Deanery. I will think my Deanery enough for my maintenance (who am and resolve to die a single man), and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it (which the patron is willing I shall do), if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no

man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory ; that God, who, by a vile death, opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict ; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect :

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude, but that it cannot do, and more I cannot return you ; and I do that with a heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer. But, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which kings, if they think so, are not good enough ; nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it ; but I dare make so dear a friend as you are, my confessor ; some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men,

that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections ; yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man, as to free me from their censures, and, it may be, that sacred calling from a dishonor. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling, and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, Sir, who says, ' Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me ; but I crave your favor that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution ; but the heart of man is not in his own keeping, and he was destined to this sacred service by a higher hand ; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance ; of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death ; a little before which time, Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and daughter ; Sir George conditioning by bond to pay to Mr. Donne eight hundred pounds at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or twenty pounds quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis he studied the civil and canon laws, in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Micham (near to Croydon in Surry), a place noted for good air and choice company.. There his wife and children remained ; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to White-hall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their councils of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence. Nor did our own nobility only value and favor him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London ; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Micham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him ; for they, God knows, needed it. And that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters.

— “ And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week’s letter was, because it then found me under too great a sadness, and at present it is thus with me. There is not one person but myself well of my family. I have already lost half a child ; and with that mischance of hers, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupefies her ; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope ; and these meet with a fortune so ill provided for physic and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too, for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for —

From my hospital at Micham,

“ AUG. 10.

JOHN DONNE.”

Thus did he bemoan himself; and thus in other letters.

—— “For we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act. With this or the former, I have often suspected myself to be overtaken, which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life. And though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do; yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it. It is now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither. I grow older and not better; my strength diminisheth and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness. For to choose is to do, but to be no part of any body is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic, immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes; but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation, which

I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities ; and there I stumbled and fell too. And now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters. Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, Sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it nor life ; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good than I am ; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news ; for I have either mending or dying on my side. But if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul ; which is, I doubt, too like a porter that is

very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now, seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more. —

Your poor friend, and God's poor patient,
"SEPT. 7. JOHN DONNE."

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Micham, and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance. And to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life. But the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife a useful apartment in his own large house in Drewry-lane, and not only rent-free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to subject Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her, saying, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence," and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so, who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there,

Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure, that, at her second appearing, she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said,

that desire and doubt have no rest ; and it proved so with Sir Robert, for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-house, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne was alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account ; that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labor, she had been delivered of a dead child ; and upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder ; and it well may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that which is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony, in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls ; and I am well pleased, that every reader do enjoy his own opinion : but if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him

to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others (too many to name) have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story (1 Sam. xxviii.), that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death (whether really or not I undertake not to determine). And Bildad, in the book of Job (chap. iv.), says these words: "A spirit passed before my face, the hair of my head stood up, fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader, to whom I will also commend this following consideration: that there be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers both of body and soul. And the opinion, that every man hath his particular angel, may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison (Acts xii.), not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader's considering, that when Peter, after his enlargement, knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John,

and Rhoda the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the disciples (who were then and there met together), that Peter was at the door, and they, not believing it, said she was mad; yet when she again affirmed it, though they believed it not, yet they concluded and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me (now long since) by a person of honor, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living; and I think he told me the truth: for it was told with such circumstances and such asseveration, that (to say nothing of my own thoughts) I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's farther trouble, as to the relation and what concerns it, and will conclude mine with commending to his view a copy of verses, given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time that he then parted from her; and I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in

languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

“A VALEDICTION,

FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

“As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
‘The breath goes now;’ and some say, ‘No:’

“So let us melt and make no noise;
No wind-sighs or tear-floods us move,
’T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

“Movings of the earth cause harms and fears;
Men reckon what they did or meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

“Dull sublunary lovers’ love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence; because that doth remove
Those things that elemented it.

“But we, by a soul so much refined,
That our souls know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss,

"Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

"If we be two, we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.

"And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

"Such thou must be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun."

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the reader, that, both before Mr. Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the nobility and others, that were powerful at court, were watchful and solicitous to the king for some secular employment for him. The king had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state-employment; being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually

many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes or debates of religion betwixt his majesty and those divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times, particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who was then Bishop Montague (the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his majesty), and the most reverend Dr. Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the king's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the king had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant. And his majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne, concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them; and having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him, under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed; the book bearing the name of "Pseudo-Martyr," printed anno 1610.

When the king had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry; to which, at that time, he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (such was his mistaken modesty) to be too weighty for his abilities. And though his majesty had promised him a favor, and many persons of worth mediated with his majesty for some secular employment for him (to which his education had apted him), and particularly the Earl of Somerset when in his greatest height of favor; who being then at Theobald's with the king, where one of the clerks of the council died that night, the Earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, and, at Mr. Donne's coming, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the king and bring you word that you are clerk of the council. Doubt not my doing this, for I know the king loves you, and know the king will not deny me." But the king gave a positive denial to all requests; and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth (in his Book of Devotions), "The king descended to a persuasion, almost to

a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders ;” which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy of the ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it ; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility and labor and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity ; and such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness ; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred orders ; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, “ Lord, who is sufficient for these things ? ” and with meek Moses, “ Lord, who

am I?" And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not, for these reasons, put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him, 'marked him for his own, marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the king's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask king David's thankful question, "'Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?' so mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar; so merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion. Thy motions I will and do embrace. And now I say with the blessed Virgin, 'Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight;' and so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gospel."

Such strifes as these St. Austin had, when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity, with which he confesseth he acquainted

his friend Alipius. Our learned author (a man fit to write after no mean copy) did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend, Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, — (for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his lordship's secretary); — that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him, first, deacon, and then priest not long after.

Now the English church had gained a second St. Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion; none so like St. Ambrose after it. And if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentrated in divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence.

And now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!" Now he declared openly, "that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing;" and that "he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments."

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the king sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory; yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London; his first sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did till his majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at White-hall; and though much was expected from him, both by his majesty and others, yet he was so happy (which few are) as to satisfy and exceed their expectations; preaching the word so as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he labored to distil into others: a preacher in

earnest, ~~weeping~~ sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them ; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none ; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others, by a sacred art and courtship, to amend their lives ; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it be beloved even by those that loved it not, and all this with a most particular *grace* and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him), that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a gentleman of worth (Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons), in part of a funeral elegy wrote by him on Dr. Donne, and is a known truth though it be in verse.

“ Each altar had his fire ——
 He kept his love but not his object. Wit
 He did not banish, but transplanted it :
 Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
 To Piety, which it doth best become.
 For say, had ever pleasure such a dress ?

**Have you seen crimes so shaped, or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrowed that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.
And when he preached she wished her ears exempt
From Piety that had such power to tempt.
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend!" —**

More of this and more witnesses might be brought, but I forbear and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the king's chaplain, his majesty, then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge; and Mr. Donne attending his majesty at that time, his majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University to be made doctor in divinity. Dr. Harsnett (after Archbishop of York) was then Vice-chancellor, who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book, the "Pseudo-Martyr," required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and expressed a gladness that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first

year of his entering into sacred orders he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him ; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life. But an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of a narrow, unsettled estate, and (having buried five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother ; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures that are daily acted on that restless stage ; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (being passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long

been the delight of his eyes and the companion of his youth ; her, with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of ; not hard to think but that she, being now removed by death, a commensurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done ; and so indeed it did ; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness ; now grief took so full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy ; if it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction, " Oh that I might have the desire of my heart ! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for ! For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, that we two might there make our beds together in the dark." Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Zion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows. Thus he began the day, and ended the night ; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's " Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel," dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes, and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach, where his beloved wife lay buried in St. Clement's church, near Temple-Bar, London, and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremiah's Lamentation: "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness, and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's Inn (who were once the companions and friends of his youth) to accept of their lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul, though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it, there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends ; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it ; now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, " Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example ; " not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, a humble, and a holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many ways ; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessities, other courtesies were also daily added ; indeed so many and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits. And in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the emperor of Germany died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the king's only daughter, was elected and crowned king of Bohemia ; the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto (" Beati pacifici ") did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose the discords of that discomposed state ; and amongst other his endeavours, did then send the

Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes; and, by a special command from his majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the princes of the Union; for which the earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse. And his friends of Lincoln's Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, "make his days few," and, respecting his bodily health, "evil" too; and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him with many reluctations; for though he could not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold, you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more;" yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it; all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best; for this employment (to say nothing of the event of it) did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear

and most honored mistress, the queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation, and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him ; who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching. About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated and his health improved, and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, " Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner, and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well ; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's ; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the

chapel, suffering, as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take no rest till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George More (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it, and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "It is enough: you have been kind to me and mine; I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it; I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract," and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him, by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honorable friend Richard, Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother, the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honor.

By these and another ecclesiastical endowment, which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross and other places ; all which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the king's displeasure, and it was about this time ; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humor of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the king's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government, and particularly for the king's then turning the Evening Lectures into catechizing, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief and Commandments. His majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court (I shall forbear his name unless I had a fairer occasion), and justly committed to prison, which begot many rumors in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The king received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt, but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation, which was so clear and satisfactory, that the king said, "he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion." When the king had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore "desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion." At which the king raised him from his knees with his own hands, and "protested he believed him, and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly." And having thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his council into his chamber, and said with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made dean in the fiftieth year of his age, and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption. But God, as Job thankfully acknowl-

edged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr. Henry King (then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester), a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily, and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose :

“ Mr. Dean, I am by your favor no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us, for the renewing a lease of the best prebends corps belonging to our church, and you know it was denied, for that our tenant being very rich offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages; but I will either raise him to a higher sum, or procure that the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered. One of these I can and will by your favor do without delay, and without any trouble either to your body or mind. I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it.”

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply :

“ My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favors, and this in particular ; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal, for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege ; if there were not, it could not have a name in Scripture. And the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil ; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God for a pious clergy which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a query what it is. But I thank God I have ; and dare not now, upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health as again to serve at his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me ; for God knows my children and relations will need it ; in which number my mother (whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow

estate) must not be forgotten.' But, Doctor King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me (that very little when divided into eight parts) must, if you deny me not so charitable a favor, fall into your hands as my most faithful friend and executor, of whose care and justice I make no more doubt than of God's blessing on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distemper abated, and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul paraphrased and made public; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick-bed; herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural. But that God that then restored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life, and then, in August, 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvy, at Abury Hatch in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity (vapors from the spleen), hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening but wearying him so much, that my desire is he may now take some rest; and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error, which though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it; and though his wife's competent years and other reasons might be just-

ly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it. And doubtless it had been attended with a heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age), it may appear by his choice metaphors, that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (God knows too loosely) scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived, that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals. But though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that, no not in his declining age, witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures; yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly hymn, expressing the great joy that then pos-

essed his soul in the assurance of God's favor to him when he composed it.

" A H Y M N
T O G O D T H E F A T H E R .

" WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still though still I do deplore ?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

•
" Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door ?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

" I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore ;
And having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more."

I have the rather mentioned this hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ

by the choristers of St. Paul's church in his own hearing, especially at the evening service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I composed it. And, O the power of church music! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God; and the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his, and now lies buried. — "But now, O Lord, how is that place become desolate!" — Anno 1656.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ, extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross ; his varying no otherwise than to affix him not to a cross, but to an anchor (the emblem of hope) ; this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in Heliotropium stones, and set in gold, and of those he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him and of his affection for them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number, nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him ; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then late deceased Bishop of Norwich, were ; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester (lately deceased) ; men, in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not ; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of " The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations ; " a book, in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts ; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven, and may by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company ; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments, of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

"TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

**" SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR
AND CHRIST.**

**" A sheaf of snakes used heretofore to be my seal, which is the crest
of our poor family.**

**" Qui prius assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domûs
Adscitus domui domini. —**

**" Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new arms I go.
The cross my seal in baptism spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors ; bear as thou shouldst do
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.
But he that makes our crosses anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first serpents hold ;
(God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old)
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be,
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that 's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death ; but on the cross my cure.
Crucify nature then, and then implore
All grace from him, crucified there before.
When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,
This seal 's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend,
Oh may that saint that rides on our great seal,
To you that bear his name large bounty deal.**

"JOHN DONNE."

"IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"Quod Crux nequibat fixa clavique additi
Tenerè Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,
Tuive Christum ——

"Although the cross could not Christ here detain,
When nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only whilst thou speak'st, this anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain anchor add a seal, and so
The water and the earth, both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
This holy cable 's from all storms secure.

"GEORGE HERBERT."

I return to tell the reader, that besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the quire of St. Paul's church, he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties, and he writ an hymn on his dead-bed, which bears this title: ——

"A HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,

"IN MY SICKNESS, MARCH 23, 1630.

"SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy quire of saints for evermore

I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

“ Since my physicians by their loves are grown
Cosmographers ; and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed —————

“ So, in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord !
By these his thorns, give me his other crown :
And, as to other souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
‘ That he may raise, therefore the Lord throws
down.’ ”

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, “ he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song ; ” justified by the example of king David and the good king Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years, paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words, “ The Lord was ready to save, therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the temple of my God.”

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, "that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten; all which time was employed in study, though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labors, some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written; for he left the resultance of fourteen hundred authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand; he

left also six score of his sermons, all written with his own hand ; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murder, called " Biathanatos," wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured ; a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the civil and canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labor to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death ; but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father by making his children's portions equal, and a

lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them ; for, methinks, they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place ; as, namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock which he had long worn in his pocket ; to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King (late Bishop of Chichester), that model of gold of the Synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague, and the two pictures of Padre Paolo and Fulgenzio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning. To his ancient friend, Dr. Brook (that married him), Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and Joseph. To Dr. Winniff (who succeeded him in his deanery) he gave a picture called " The Skeleton." To the succeeding dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessities of worth, and useful for his house ; and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered and remain as a legacy to his successors. To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures, and so he did to many other friends ; legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to

their estates. But unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others, who, by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience; but I will beg his favor to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

“ In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding (praised be God therefore), do hereby make my last will and testament, in the manner and form following :

“ First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same Spirit hath established in me to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried in the most private

manner that may be, in that 'place of St. Paul's church, London, that the now residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c. — And this my last will and testament, made in the fear of God (whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ), and in perfect love and charity with all the world (whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my superiors), written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

“ Sealed Decemb. 13, 1630.”

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous; he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from prison that lay for their fees or small debts; he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave a hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and

carelessness, became decayed in his estate ; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman saying, “ he wanted not ; ” — for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labor to conceal and endure a sad poverty rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it, so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind ; which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne’s reply, whose answer was, — “ I know you want not what will sustain nature, for a little will do that ; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own.” And upon these terms it was received. He was a happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred (which he never undertook faintly, for such undertakings have usually faint effects), and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities, who, having sucked in the religion of the

Roman church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he (at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him,) computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses, and lastly, what rested for him and his; and, having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer; which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the reader shall partake some of them in his own words:

“ So all is that remains this year ——

“ Deo Opt. Max., benigno
Largitori, à me, et ab iis
Quibus hæc à me reservantur,
Gloria et gratia in æternum.
Amen.”

“ So that this year God hath blessed me and mine with ——

“ Multiplicatæ sunt super
Nos misericordiæ tuæ,
Domine. —————

“Da, Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ
Bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri
Dignatus sis, in quorumcunque
Manus devenerint, in tuam
Semper cedant gloriam.

Amen.”

“In fine horum sex annorum manet —

“Quid habeo, quod non accepi à Domino?
Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est
Sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut
Quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi,
Nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec
Servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni
Curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse;
Ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt,
Supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant,
Et beneficium authorem recognoscant.

Amen.”

But I return from my long digression. We left the author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent-preachers, and there being then (in January, 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave

him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend :

“SIR, — This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven ; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness ; and I doubt not, among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die, if there were no other benefit in death, to hear of so much sorrow and so much good testimony from good men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death ; yet I perceive it went not through all, for one writ to me that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation ; for I have always been sorrier when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit ; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit ; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labors. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas, about which time will fall my Lent-sermon at court, except my Lord

Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out of the roll ; but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write, than you to read, yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish to

“ Your poor friend

“ And servant in Christ Jesus,

“ J. DONNE.”

Before that month ended he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent. He had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey ; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones) doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from it, assuring him, however, it was likely to shorten his life ; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, “ he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment, professing a

holy ambition to perform that sacred work." And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii. 3.), "Do these bones live? or, can that soul organize that tongue to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house, out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, "he was carried by devout men to his grave."

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that

had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said,

"I am not sad, but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I shall go hence and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of his mercies: and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment, and that it was his will I should never settle or thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which I have now lived almost twenty years (I hope to his glory), and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which showed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was, and (as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude) I thank God most of them have stood in

need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses; I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to a great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocence of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his elect. I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back, as to tell the reader, that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health, and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, "that by cordials, and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a proba-

bility of his restoration to health : ” but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days, at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, “ he had drunk it more to satisfy him, than to recover his health ; and that he would not drink it ten days longer upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life ; for he loved it not ; and was so far from fearing death, which to others is the King of Terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.”

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man ; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us ; and many think it should do so ; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to out-live our lives ; which I mention because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him ; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how or what monument it should be ; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then, without delay, a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand; and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside, as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Doctor Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church; and by

Doctor Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph :

JOHANNES DONNE,
 SAC. THEOL. PROFESS.
 POST VARIA STUDIA QUIBUS AB ANNIS
 TENERRIMIS
 FIDELITER, NEC INFELICITER INCUBUIT;
 INSTINCTU ET IMPULSU SP. SANCTI,
 MONITU ET HORTATU
 REGIS JACOBI, ORDINES SACROS AMPLEXUS
 ANNO SUI JESU, MDCXIV. ET SUÆ
 ÆTATIS XLII.
 DECANATU HUIUS ECCLESIE INDUTUS
 XXVII NOVEMBRIS, MDCXXI.
 EXUTUS MORTE ULTIMO DIE MARTII,
 MDCXXXI.
 HIC LICET IN OCCIDUO CINERE ASPICIT
 EUM CUJUS NOMEN EST ORIENS.

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave, my desire is, he may rest till I have told my reader, that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures. And I now mention this, because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand at his age of eighteen, with his sword and what

other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gayeties of that age; and his motto then was,

“How much shall I be changed,
Before I am changed!”

And if that young, and his now dying picture, were at this time set together, every beholder might say, “Lord! how much is Dr. Donne already changed, before he is changed!” And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, “Lord! how much may I also, that am now in health, be changed, before I am changed; before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality!” and therefore to prepare for it. But this is not writ so much for my reader’s memento, as to tell him, that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind; especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness; and would as often say, “his great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment;” in which he was so happy, that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost, and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into sacred orders, and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study, and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber, and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following, he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job, so he "waited for the appointed day of his dissolution."

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die; to do which he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness (in his Book of Devotions written then), "he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution." In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever. And his patient expectation to have his immortal soul dis-

robed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident, that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vaped into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master (for who speaks like him?), but died before him, for that it was then become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, "look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father;" and, being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life ; thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's Church, which he had appointed for that use some years before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God (who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place) ; but he was not buried privately, though he desired it ; for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility and of eminency for learning, who did love and honor him in his life, did show it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friend repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers ; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones, that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest), were again by the masons' art so levelled and firmed, as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave :

“ Reader ! I am to let thee know,
Donne’s body only lies below :
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies.”

Nor was this all the honor done to his reverend ashes ; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor ; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness ; so there was by some grateful, unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne’s memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his two faithful friends and executors (Dr. King and Dr. Monfort) towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom ; but after the death of Dr. Fox it was known that it was he that sent it. And he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend, as marble can express ; a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that (as his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, had expressed himself) “ It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.”

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally-proportioned body; to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humor were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear-knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, in a kind of sacred ecstasy, "Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge ; with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body ; that body, which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust. But I shall see it reanimated.

J. WALTON.

FEBRUARY 15, 1639.

AN EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY

DR. CORBET, LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD,

ON HIS FRIEND, DR. DONNE.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert ; for none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath lived so.
He must have wit to spare, and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty ; both the laws,
Civil and common, to judge any cause ;
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mæcenas, and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
He that would write an epitaph for thee
Should first be dead ; let it alone for me.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY EVER DESIRED DR. DONNE.
AN ELEGY,

BY H. KING, LATE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is, like thee;
Or t' have had too much merit, is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse:
But at thine, poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widowed Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there:
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintained and clothed her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dower estate.
Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empirics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.

Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wakes a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
For all a low-pitched fancy can devise
Will prove at best but hallowed injuries.

Thou, like the dying swan, didst lately sing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was feared and prophesied by, all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
Oh! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high, victorious numbers beat
The solemn measures of thy grieved retreat,
Thou might'st the poet's service now have missed,
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest:
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office: nor is 't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Shouldst now reborrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which first was thine;
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
Exalted soul! more glory 't is to owe
Thy memory, what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.

Commit we then thee to thyself, nor blame
Our drooping loves, that thus to thine own fame

Leave thee executor, since but thine own
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast deserts; save that we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes' guardian.

So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.
H. K.

AN ELEGY ON DOCTOR DONNE.

OUR Donne is dead! and we may sighing say,
We had that man where language chose to stay,
And show her utmost power. I would not praise
That and his great wit, which in our vain days
Make others proud; but as these served to unlock
That cabinet, his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But as I write a line, to weep a tear
For his decease. Such sad extremities
Can make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not; for when so great a loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them
From their dull lethargy; witness my pen,

Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
 Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age! oh, I would spare thee, but thou'rt worse :
 Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
 Of black ingratitude : If not, couldst thou
 Part with this matchless man, and make no vow
 For thee and thine successively to pay
 Some sad remembrance to his dying day ?

Did his youth scatter poetry, wherein
 Lay love's philosophy ? Was every sin
 Pictured in his sharp satires, made so foul
 That some have feared Sin's shapes, and kept their
 soul

Safer by reading verse ? Did he give days,
 Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
 He would perpetuate ? Did he (I fear
 Envy will doubt) these at his twentieth year ?

But, more matured, did his rich soul conceive,
 And in harmonious, holy numbers weave
 A crown of sacred sonnets, fit t' adorn
 A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
 On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
 After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then ?
 Did he (fit for such penitents as she
 And he to use) leave us a Litany
 Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classical ?
 Did he write hymns, for piety and wit,
 Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ ?

Spake he all languages? Knew he all laws?
 The grounds and use of physic — (but because
 'T was mercenary waved it)? went to see
 That happy place of Christ's nativity?
 Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
 As, since St. Paul, none ever did? they know —
 Those happy souls that heard him, know this truth.
 Did he confirm thy ag'd, convert thy youth?
 Did he these wonders? and is his dear loss
 Mourn'd by so few? — few for so great a cross.

~~But~~ sure the silent are ambitious all
 To be close mourners at his funeral.
 If not; in common pity they forbear,
 By repetitions, to renew our care:
 Or ~~knowing~~ grief conceived and hid, consumes
 Man's life insensibly (as poison's fumes
 Corrupt the brain), take silence for the way
 T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay
 (Materials of this body), to remain
 With him in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
 Lessons those joys we have; for with him all
 Are satisfied with joys essential.

Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! — Oh! do not call
 Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.
 Forget he loved me. Waste not my swift years
 Which haste to David's seventy, filled with fears
 And sorrows for his death. Forget his parts,
 They find a living grave in good men's hearts:
 And, for my first is daily paid for sin,
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him:

Forget his powerful preaching ; and forget
I am his convert. Oh my frailty ! let
My flesh be no more heard ; it will obtrude
This lethargy : So should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should be so broke,
Which can no more be, than his virtues, spoke
By any but himself. For which cause I
Write no encomiums, but this elegy ;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame and the world ; and, parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument as matchless as his worth.

IZ. WA.

APRIL 7, 1631.



THE LIFE
OF
SIR HENRY WOTTON,
LATE PROVOST OF EATON COLLEGE.



THE LIFE
OF
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (whose life I now intend to write) was born in the year of our Redemption, 1568, in Bocton-Hall (commonly called Bocton, or Bougton-Place, or Palace) in the parish of Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful county of Kent; Bocton-Hall being an ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish-church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining unto it, and both seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill as gives the advantage of a large prospect, and of equal pleasure to all beholders.

But this house and church are not remarkable for any thing so much as for that the memorable family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears

by their many monuments in that church; the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valor, whose heroic acts and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation, which they have served abroad faithfully in the discharge of their great trust, and prudently in their negotiations with several princes; and also served at home with much honor and justice, in their wise managing a great part of the public affairs thereof in the various times both of war and peace.

But lest I should be thought by any, that may incline either to deny or doubt this truth, not to have observed moderation in the commendation of this family; and also for that I believe the merits and memory of such persons ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer to the consideration of every reader, out of the testimony of their pedigree and our chronicles, a part, and but a part, of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave the indifferent reader to judge whether my error be an excess or defect of commendation.

Sir Robert Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, knight, was born about the year of Christ, 1460. He, living in the reign of king Edward the Fourth, was by him trusted to be Lieutenant of Guisnes, to be Knight Porter and Comptroller of Calais, where he died, and lies honorably buried.

Sir Edward Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, knight (son and heir of the said Sir Robert), was born in the year of Christ, 1489, in the reign of king Henry the Seventh. He was made Treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council, to king Henry the Eighth, who offered him to be Lord Chancellor of England. "But," saith Hollinshead, in his Chronicle, "out of a virtuous modesty he refused it."

Thomas Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Esquire, son and heir of the said Sir Edward, and the father of our Sir Henry that occasions this relation, was born in the year of Christ, 1521. He was a gentleman excellently educated, and studious in all the liberal arts; in the knowledge whereof he attained unto a great perfection; who, though he had (besides those abilities, a very noble and plentiful estate, and the ancient interest of his predecessors) many invitations from queen Elizabeth to change his country recreations and retirement for a court, offering him a knighthood (she was then with him at his Bocton-hall), and that to be but as an earnest of some more honorable and more profitable employment under her; yet he humbly refused both, being a man of great modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom and integrity of mind: a commendation which Sir Henry Wotton took occasion often to remember with great gladness, and

thankfully to boast himself the son of such a father; from whom indeed he derived that noble ingenuity that was always practised by himself, and which he ever both commended and cherished in others. This Thomas was also remarkable for hospitality, a great lover and much beloved of his country; to which may justly be added, that he was a cherisher of learning, as appears by that excellent antiquary, Mr. William Lambert, in his Perambulation of Kent.

This Thomas had four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Henry.

Sir Edward was knighted by queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of her majesty's household. "He was," saith Camden, "a man remarkable for many and great employments in the state during her reign, and sent several times ambassador into foreign nations. After her death, he was by king James made Comptroller of his household, and called to be of his Privy Council, and by him advanced to be Lord Wotton, Baron of Merley in Kent, and made Lord Lieutenant of that county."

Sir James, the second son, may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth of queen Elizabeth's reign (with Robert Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christophoro, son of Antonio King of Portugal, and divers other gentlemen of nobleness

and valor), knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honor and riches, besides a notable retaliation of injuries by taking that town.

Sir John being a gentleman excellently accomplished, both by learning and travel, was knighted by queen Elizabeth, and by her looked upon with more than ordinary favor, and with intentions of preferment ; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes.

Of Sir Henry, my following discourse shall give an account.

The descent of these forenamed Wottons were all in a direct line, and most of them and their actions in the memory of those with whom we have conversed. But if I had looked so far back as to Sir Nicholas Wotton (who lived in the reign of king Richard the Second), or before him, upon divers others of great note in their several ages, I might by some be thought tedious ; and yet others may more justly think me negligent, if I omit to mention Nicholas Wotton, the fourth son of Sir Robert, whom I first named.

This Nicholas Wotton was Doctor of Law, and sometime Dean both of York and Canterbury ; a man whom God did not only bless with a long life, but with great abilities of mind, and an inclination to employ them in the service of his country, as is testified by his several employments

(vide Camden's *Britannia*), having been sent nine times ambassador unto foreign princes; and by his being a Privy Councillor to king Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, to queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth; who also, after he had been, during the wars between England and Scotland and France, three several times (and not unsuccessfully) employed in committees for settling of peace betwixt this and those kingdoms, "died," saith learned Camden, "full of commendations for wisdom and piety." He was also by the will of king Henry the Eighth, made one of his executors, and chief Secretary of State to his son, that pious prince, Edward the Sixth. Concerning which Nicholas Wotton I shall say but this little more; that he refused (being offered it by queen Elizabeth) to be Archbishop of Canterbury (vide *Hollinshed*); and that he died not rich, though he lived in that time of the dissolution of abbeys.

More might be added; but by this it may appear, that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred, as left a stock of reputation to their posterity; such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family, to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.

And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it,

if of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employments had been pleased to have commended his to posterity ; but since some years are now passed, and they have all (I know not why) forborn to do it, my gratitude to my dead friend, and the renewed request of some that still live solicitous to see this duty performed, these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it ; which, truly, I have not done, but with some distrust of mine own abilities ; and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I shall present all readers with a commixture of truth and Sir Henry Wotton's merits.

This being premised, I proceed to tell the reader, that the father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married ; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, knight ; after whose death, though his inclination was averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to several suits in law ; in the prosecution whereof (which took up much of his time, and were the occasion of many discontents) he was by divers of his friends earnestly persuaded to a re-marriage ; to whom he as often answered, " that if ever he did put on a resolution to marry, he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons, namely,

“ Those that had children ;
Those that had law-suits ;
And those that were of his kindred.”

And yet, following his own law-suits, he met in Westminster-hall with Mrs. Eleonora Morton, widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esquire, who was also engaged in several suits in law ; and he, observing her comportment at the time of hearing one of her causes before the judges, could not but at the same time both compassionate her condition and affect her person ; for the tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have in them a charming eloquence, and to become very often too strong to be resisted. Which I mention, because it proved so with this Thomas Wotton ; for although there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents, against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection to her grew then so strong, that he resolved to solicit her for a wife ; and did, and obtained her.

By her, (who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell in Kent) he had only Henry, his youngest son. His mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood ; for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble ; which she was content to continue, till his father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a tutor in his own house at Bocton.

And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to a higher form (which was very early), he was sent to Winchester school, a place of strict discipline and order ; that so he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private.

And that he might be confirmed in this regularity, he was at a fit age removed from that school to be a commoner of New College in Oxford ; both being founded by William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester.

There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age ; and was then transplanted into Queen's College, where, within that year, he was by the chief of that college persuasively enjoined to write a play for their private use (it was the tragedy of *Tancredo*), which was so interwoven with sentences, and for the method and exact personating those humors, passions, and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared he had in a slight employment given an early and a solid testimony of his future abilities. And though there may be some sour dispositions, which may think this not worth a memorial ; yet

that wise knight, Baptista Guarini (whom learned Italy accounts one of her ornaments), thought it neither an uncomely nor an unprofitable employment for his age.

But I pass to what will be thought more serious.

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded Master of Arts, and at that time read in Latin three lectures "de Oculo"; wherein he having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the eye, and demonstrated how, of those very many, every humor and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion; and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this, in an instant, apprehends and warns him of danger; teaching him in the very eyes of others, to discover wit, folly, love, and hatred:—after he had made these observations, he fell to dispute this optic question,

"Whether we see by the emission of the beams from within, or reception of the species from without?"

And after that and many other like learned disquisitions, he, in the conclusion of his lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of

"Seeing; by which we not only discover Nature's secrets, but with a continued content (for the eye is never weary of seeing) behold the great light of the world, and by it discover the fabric of the heavens, and both the order and motion of the celestial orbs; nay, that if the eye look but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralize his own condition, who, in a short time (like those very flowers), decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that earth from which both had their first being."

These were so exactly debated, and so rhetorically heightened, as, among other admirers, caused that learned Italian, Albericus Gentilis, then Professor of the Civil Law in Oxford, to call him "Henrice, mi Ocelle"; which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the university.

But his stay there was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded Master of Arts, his father (whom Sir Henry did never mention without this or some such like reverential expression; as, "that good man, my father," or, "my father,

the best of men ") — about that time, this good man changed this for a better life, leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of a hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his manors of a much greater value.

And here, though this good man be dead, yet I wish a circumstance or two, that concern him, may not be buried without a relation, which I shall undertake to do, for that I suppose they may so much concern the reader to know, that I may promise myself a pardon for a short digression.

In the year of our redemption, 1553, Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury (whom I formerly mentioned), being then ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project, as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life and ruin of his family.

Doubtless the good Dean did well know, that common dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest ; and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstitions, as they too often do. But though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophesies are ceased ; yet, doubt-

less, he could not but consider, that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration, and did therefore rather lay this dream aside, than intend totally to lose it; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double dream, like that of Pharaoh (of which double dreams the learned have made many observations), and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a dream to reveal and to assure Monica, the mother of St. Austin, "that he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly, and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian." This, I believe, the good Dean considered; and considering also that Almighty God (though the causes of dreams be often unknown) hath even in these latter times also, by a certain illumination of the soul in sleep, discovered many things that human wisdom could not foresee; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy, by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his nephew. And to that end, he wrote to the queen (it was queen Mary), and besought her, "that she would cause his nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent; and that the Lords of her Council might

interrogate him in some such feigned questions, as might give a color for his commitment into a favorable prison; declaring that he would acquaint her majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her majesty."

It was done as the Dean desired. And in prison I must leave Mr. Wotton, till I have told the reader what followed.

At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our queen Mary and Philip, king of Spain. And though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion of her Privy Council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation; yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it; believing (as they said) it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

And of this number Sir Thomas Wyat, of Boxley-Abbey in Kent (betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons, there had been an ancient and entire friendship), was the principal actor; who having persuaded many of the nobility and gentry (especially of Kent) to side with him, and he, being defeated and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life. So did the Duke of Suffolk and

divers others; especially many of the gentry of Kent, who were there in several places executed as Wyat's assistants.

And of this number, in all probability, had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined. For though he could not be ignorant, that "another man's treason makes it mine by concealing it," yet he durst confess to his uncle, when he returned into England, and then came to visit him in prison, "that he had more than an intimation of Wyat's intentions," and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his uncle had not so happily dreamed him into prison; out of which place, when he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the dream more seriously, and both then joined in praising God for it; "that God, who ties himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing of mercy to those whom of good pleasure he hath chosen to love."

And this dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to his people in visions, did seem to speak to many of this family in dreams; of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and discovering things past; and the particular is this. This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed

that the university treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars ; and that the number was five ; and being that day to write to his son Henry, at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains, as by a postscript in his letter to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter (which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before) came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed ; and when the city and university were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton show his father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the university to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

And it may yet be more considerable, that this Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both (being men of holy lives, of even tempers, and much given to fasting and prayer) foresee and foretell the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age, and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age ; who, being then in London (where he died), and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Bocton ; and though he thought his uncle Nicholas worthy of that noble monument which he built for him in the Cathedral church

of Canterbury, yet this humble man gave direction concerning himself, to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral.

This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God.

But it may now seem more than time that I return to Sir Henry Wotton at Oxford, where, after his optic lecture, he was taken into such a bosom friendship with the learned Albericus Gentilis (whom I formerly named), that, if it had been possible, Gentilis would have breathed all his excellent knowledge, both of the mathematics and law, into the breast of his dear Harry; for so Gentilis used to call him. And though he was not able to do that, yet there was in Sir Henry such a propensity and connaturalness to the Italian language, and those studies whereof Gentilis was a great master, that his friendship between them did daily increase, and proved daily advantageous to Sir Henry, for the improvement of him in several sciences, during his stay in the university.

From which place, before I shall invite the reader to follow him into a foreign nation, though I must omit to mention divers persons that were then in Oxford, of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton, yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun

betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's, a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say any thing; because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented; and as it was begun in their youth and in a university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

In Oxford he stayed till about two years after his father's death, at which time he was about the two and twentieth year of his age. And having to his great wit added the ballast of learning and knowledge of the arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind; employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune, to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge; of which, both for the secrets of nature, the dispositions of many nations, their several laws and languages, he was the possessor in a very large measure, as I shall faithfully make to appear, before I take my pen from the following narration of his life.

In his travels, which was almost nine years before his return into England, he stayed but one

year in France, and most of that in Geneva, where he became acquainted with Theodore Beza (then very aged) and with Isaac Casaubon, in whose house (if I be rightly informed) Sir Henry Wotton was lodged, and there contracted a most worthy friendship with that man of rare learning and ingenuity.

Three of the remaining eight years were spent in Germany, the other five in Italy (the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life); where both in Rome, Venice, and Florence, he became acquainted with the most eminent men for learning and all manner of arts; as picture, sculpture, chymistry, architecture, and other manual arts, even arts of inferior nature; of all of which he was a most dear lover and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment. For indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour; which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities, as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance.

And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travel, and conversation, was so polished, and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the

delights of mankind ; insomuch as Robert, Earl of Essex (then one of the darlings of Fortune, and in greatest favor with queen Elizabeth), invited him first into a friendship, and, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his secretaries, the other being Mr. Henry Cuffe, sometime of Merton College in Oxford (and there also the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth) ; Mr. Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the university for his learning, nor, after his removal from that place, for the great abilities of his mind, nor indeed for the fatalness of his end.

Sir Henry Wotton, being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his councils and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniards, and also in that (which was the Earl's last) into Ireland ; that voyage wherein he then did so much provoke the queen to anger, and worse at his return into England ; upon whose immovable favor the Earl had built such sandy hopes, as encouraged him to those undertakings, which, with the help of a contrary faction, suddenly caused his commitment to the Tower.

Sir Henry Wotton observing this, though he was not of that faction (for the Earl's followers were also divided into their several interests) which encouraged the Earl to those undertakings

which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation ; yet knowing treason to be so comprehensive, as to take in even circumstances, and out of them to make such positive conclusions as subtle statesmen shall project, either for their revenge or safety ; considering this, he thought prevention by absence out of England, a better security than to stay in it, and there plead his innocency in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the Earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton ; and was, by the help of favorable winds and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore ; where he heard shortly after, that the Earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded ; and that his friend Mr. Cuffe was hanged, and divers other persons of eminent quality executed.

The times did not look so favorable upon Sir Henry Wotton, as to invite his return into England. Having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went ; happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest, and indeed his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence

(which city is not more eminent for the Great Duke's Court, than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts), in which number he there met with his old friend Signior Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be secretary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

After some stay in Florence, he went, the fourth time, to visit Rome; where in the English college he had very many friends (their humanity made them really so, though they knew him to be a dissenter from many of their principles of religion), and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosities that did partly occasion his journey thither, he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befell him; an accident that did not only find new employment for his choice abilities, but did introduce him to a knowledge and an interest with our king James, then king of Scotland; which I shall proceed to relate.

But first, I am to tell the reader, that though queen Elizabeth (or she and her council) were never willing to declare her successor; yet James, then king of the Scots, was confidently believed by most to be the man upon whom the sweet trouble of kingly government would be imposed. And the queen declining very fast, both by age and visible infirmities, those that were of the Romish persuasion in point of religion (even

Rome itself and those of this nation), knowing that the death of the queen and the establishing of her successor, were taken to be critical days for destroying or establishing the Protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a Protestant prince to succeed her. And as the Pope's excommunication of queen Elizabeth had, both by the judgment and practice of the Jesuited Papist, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed ; so (if we may believe an angry adversary, "a Secular Priest against a Jesuit,") you may believe, that about that time there were many endeavours, first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of king James.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence (which was about a year before the death of queen Elizabeth), Ferdinand, the Great Duke of Florence, had intercepted certain letters that discovered a design to take away the life of James, the then king of Scots. The Duke abhorring the fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his secretary, Vietta, by what means a caution might be best given to that king ; and after consideration, it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the Duke, and the Duke had noted and approved of above all the English that frequented his court.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Viet

ta to the Duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret; and, being well instructed, despatched him into Scotland with letters to the king, and, with those letters, such Italian antidotes against poison as the Scots till then had been strangers to.

Having parted from the Duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the king at Stirling. Being there, he used means by Bernard Lindsey, one of the king's bed-chamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his majesty; assuring him "that the business which he was to negotiate was of such consequence, as had caused the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy, to impart it to his king."

This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the king, the king, after a little wonder (mixed with jealousy) to hear of an Italian ambassador or messenger, required his name (which was said to be Octavio Baldi), and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier (which Italian-like he then wore), and being entered the chamber, he found there

with the king three or four Scotch lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber, at the sight of whom he made a stand ; which the king observing, “ bade him be bold, and deliver his message ; for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present.” Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the king in Italian ; which, when the king had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the king in his own language, that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more private conference with his majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation ; which was promised, and really performed by the king during all his abode there, which was about three months ; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the king, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself as that country could afford ; from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the Duke at Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment ; and, within some few months after his return, there came certain news to Florence, that queen Elizabeth was dead, and James, king of the Scots, proclaimed king of England. The Duke, knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently

to England, and there joy the king with his new and better title, and wait there upon fortune for a better employment.

When king James came into England, he found amongst other of the late queen's officers, Sir Edward, who was after Lord Wotton, Comptroller of the House, of whom he demanded, "if he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel?" The lord replied, he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the king, asking where he then was, was answered, at Venice or Florence; but by late letters from thence he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. "Send for him," said the king; "and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me." The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the king, "if he knew him?" to which the king answered, "You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me."

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms, and bade him welcome, by the name of Octavio Baldi; saying he was the most honest, and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with; and said, "Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to

manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose ; which is, to make use of you in that kind hereafter." And indeed the king did so most of these two and twenty years of his reign ; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, the king having resolved, according to his motto, "*Beati pacifici*," to have a friendship with his neighbour kingdoms of France and Spain ; and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the state of Venice, and to that end to send ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton ; who, considering the smallness of his own estate (which he never took care to augment), and knowing the courts of great princes to be sumptuous and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business, study, and a trial of natural experiments ; for both which, fruitful Italy, that darling of nature and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the king for his

voyage thither and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded. They were too many to name; but these two, for the following reasons, may not be omitted: Sir Albertus Morton, his nephew, who went his secretary, and William Bedel, a man of choice learning and sanctified wisdom, who went his chaplain. And though his dear friend, Dr. Donne, (then a private gentleman) was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of the following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him.

L E T T E R .

“ SIR,

“ After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and feared
name;

By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes of you almost the same;

“ A taper of his torch; a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

- " After those learned papers which your hand
Hath stored with notes of use and pleasure too ;
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do :
- " After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your seaward steps farewell,
And thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven on troops at a good man's passing-bell:
- " Admit this honest paper : and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask ;
What you would say at Venice, this says now,
And has for nature what you have for task.
- " To swear much love ; nor to be changed before
Honor alone will to your fortune fit ;
Nor shall I then honor your fortune more,
Than I have done your honor-wanting wit.
- " But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
To want, than govern greatness ; for we are
In that our own and only business ;
In this, we must for others' vices care.
- " 'T is therefore well your spirits now are placed
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them ; schools and courts and wars
o'er-past
To touch and taste in any best degree.

"For me! (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

"But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here:
And, to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

"J. DONNE."

Sir Henry Wotton was received by the state of Venice with much honor and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time, as his master's friendship seemed useful for that republic. The time of his coming thither was about the year 1604; Leonardi Donato being then Duke, a wise and resolved man, and to all purposes such (Sir Henry Wotton would often say it) as the state of Venice could not then have wanted; there having been formerly, in the time of Pope Clement the Eighth, some contests about the privileges of churchmen and the power of the civil magistrate; of which, for the information of common readers, I shall say a little, because it may give light to some passages that follow.

About the year 1603, the republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay persons giv-

ing lands or goods to the church, without licence from the civil magistrate; and in that inhibition, they expressed their reasons to be, "For that when any goods or land once came into the hands of the ecclesiastics, it was not subject to alienation; by reason whereof (the lay people being at their death charitable even to excess) the clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment; so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the laity."

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two clergymen, the abbot of Nervesa and a canon of Vicenza, for committing such sins, as I think not fit to name. Nor are these mentioned with an intent to fix a scandal upon any calling. For holiness is not tied to ecclesiastical orders, and Italy is observed to breed the most virtuous and most vicious men of any nation. These two having been long complained of at Rome, in the name of the state of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this abbot and canon, and committed them to prison.

The justice or injustice of such or the like power then used by the Venetians, had formerly had some calm debates betwixt the former Pope,

Clement the Eighth, and that republic. I say calm, for he did not excommunicate them; considering, as I conceive, that in the late council of Trent it was at last (after many politic disturbances and delays, and endeavours to preserve the Pope's present power), in order to a general reformation of those many errors, which were in time crept into the church, declared by the council, "that though discipline and especial excommunication be one of the chief sinews of church government, and intended to keep men in obedience to it; for which end it was declared to be very profitable; yet it was also declared, and advised to be used with great sobriety and care; because experience had informed them, that when it was pronounced unadvisedly or rashly, it became more contemned than feared." And though this was the advice of that council at the conclusion of it, which was not many years before this quarrel with the Venetians, yet this prudent, patient Pope Clement dying, Pope Paul the Fifth, who succeeded him (though not immediately, yet in the same year), being a man of a much hotter temper, brought this difference with the Venetians to a much higher contention; objecting those late acts of that state to be a diminution of his just power, and limited a time of twenty-four days for their revocation; threatening, if he were not obeyed, to proceed to the excommunica-

tion of the republic, who still offered to show both reason and ancient custom to warrant their actions. But this Pope, contrary to his predecessor's moderation, required absolute obedience without disputes.

Thus it continued for about a year; the Pope still threatening excommunication, and the Venetians still answering him with fair speeches and no compliance; till at last the Pope's zeal to the Apostolic See did make him to excommunicate the Duke, the whole Senate, and all their dominions; and that done, to shut up all their churches; charging the whole clergy to forbear all sacred offices to the Venetians, till their obedience should render them capable of absolution.

But this act of the Pope's did but the more confirm the Venetians in their resolution not to obey him. And to that end, upon the hearing of the Pope's interdict, they presently published, by sound of trumpet, a proclamation to this effect:

“That whosoever hath received from Rome any copy of a papal interdict, published there, as well against the law of God as against the honor of this nation, shall presently render it to the Council of Ten upon pain of death. And made it loss of estate and nobility but to speak in behalf of the Jesuits.”

Then was Duado, their ambassador, called home from Rome, and the Inquisition presently suspended by order of the state. And the flood-gates being thus set open, any man that had a pleasant or scoffing wit might safely vent it against the Pope, either by free speaking or by libels in print ; and both became very pleasant to the people.

Matters thus heightened, the state advised with Father Paul, a holy and learned friar, the author of "The History of the Council of Trent," whose advice was, "neither to provoke the Pope, nor lose their own right ;" he declaring publicly in print, in the name of the state, "that the Pope was trusted to keep two keys, one of prudence and the other of power ; and that if they were not both used together, power alone is not effectual in an excommunication."

And thus these discontents and oppositions continued, till a report was blown abroad that the Venetians were all turned Protestants ; which was believed by many ; for that it was observed that the English ambassador was so often in conference with the Senate, and his chaplain, Mr. Bedel, more often with Father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend ; and also, for that the republic of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their ambassador in England, to make all these proceed-

ings known to the king of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance, if need should require; and in the mean time they required the king's advice and judgment; which was the same that he gave to Pope Clement, at his first coming to the crown of England (that Pope then moving him to a union with the Roman church); namely, "To endeavour the calling of a free council for the settlement of peace in Christendom; and that he doubted not but that the French king and divers other princes would join to assist in so good a work; and in the mean time the sin of this breach, both with his and the Venetian dominions, must of necessity lie at the Pope's door."

In this contention, which lasted almost two years, the Pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless; still acquainting king James with their proceedings, which was done by the help of Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and Padre Paulo, whom the Venetians did then call to be one of their consulters of state, and with his pen to defend their just cause; which was by him so performed, that the Pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms; which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a show of acknowledging it. For they made an order, that in that day in

which they were absolved, there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge that they deserved an absolution, or were absolved for committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with king James; for whose sake, principally, Padre Paulo compiled that eminent history of the remarkable council of Trent; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto king James and the then Bishop of Canterbury, into England, and there first made public both in English and in the universal language.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood fair and highly valued in the king's opinion, but at last became much clouded by an accident which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta, where having been, in his former travels, well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness (those that are esteemed the virtuosi of that nation), with whom he, passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo (a book of white paper which the

German gentry usually carry about them for that purpose); and Sir Henry Wotton, consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador, in these very words :

“Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ.”

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished :

“An ambassador is an honest man, sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.”

But the word for *lie* being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn, was not so expressed in Latin, as would admit (in the hands of an enemy especially) so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this *Albo*, almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen; who, with books against king James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king and his ambassador Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass-windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of king James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him; and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two Apologies, one to Velserus (one of the chiefs of Augusta) in the universal language, which he caused to be printed and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius; and another Apology to king James; which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his majesty (who was a pure judge of it) could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, that "Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence."

And now, as broken bones, well set, become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his majesty's estimation and favor than formerly he had been.

And as that man of great wit and useful fancy (his friend, Dr. Donne,) gave in a will of his (a will of conceits) his reputation to his friends and his industry to his foes, because from thence he received both; so those friends, that in this time of trial labored to excuse this facetious freedom of Sir Henry Wotton's, were to him more

dear, and by him more highly valued. And those acquaintance, that urged this as an advantage against him, caused him by this error to grow both more wise, and (which is the best fruit error can bring forth) for the future to become more industriously watchful over his tongue and pen.

I have told you a part of his employment in Italy; where, notwithstanding the death of his favorer, the Duke Leonardo Donato, who had an undissembled affection for him, and the malicious accusation of Scioppius, yet his interest, as though it had been an entailed love, was still found to live and increase in all the succeeding dukes, during his employment to that state, which was almost twenty years; all which time he studied the dispositions of those dukes, and the other consulters of state; well knowing that he who negotiates a continued business and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. But in this Sir Henry Wotton did not fail; for by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse, with which, and his choice application of stories, and his elegant delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got and still preserved such interest in the state of Venice, that it was observed (such was either his merit or his modesty) they never denied him any request.

But all this shows but his abilities and his fitness for that employment. It will therefore be needful to tell the reader, what use he made of that interest which these procured him. And that indeed was rather to oblige others than to enrich himself; he still endeavouring that the reputation of the English might be maintained, both in the German empire and in Italy; where many gentlemen, whom travel had invited into that nation, received from him cheerful entertainments, advice for their behaviour, and, by his interest, shelter or deliverance from those accidental storms of adversity which usually attend upon travel.

And because these things may appear to the reader to be but generals, I shall acquaint him with two particular examples; one of his merciful disposition, and one of the nobleness of his mind; which shall follow.

There had been many English soldiers brought by commanders of their own country, to serve the Venetians for pay against the Turks. And those English having, by irregularities or improvidence, brought themselves into several galleys and prisons, Sir Henry Wotton became a petitioner to that state for their lives and enlargement; and his request was granted; so that those (which were many hundreds, and there made the sad examples of human misery, by hard imprisonment

and unpitied poverty in a strange nation) were, by his means, released, relieved, and in a comfortable condition sent to thank God and him for their lives and liberty in their own country.

And this I have observed as one testimony of the compassionate nature of him, who was, during his stay in those parts, as a city of refuge for the distressed of this and other nations.

And for that which I offer as a testimony of the nobleness of his mind, I shall make way to the reader's clearer understanding of it, by telling him, that beside several other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice ambassador to the republic of Venice. And at his last going thither he was employed ambassador to several of the German princes, and more particularly to the Emperor, Ferdinando the Second; and that his employment to him and those princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions, for the restoration of the queen of Bohemia and her descendants to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the emperor, his court and council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion without bloodshed. But there was at that time two opposite armies in the field, and as they were treating, there was a battle fought; in the managery whereof there were

so many miserable errors on the one side (so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it in a despatch to the king), and so advantageous events to the emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty. So that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that court; and, at his departure from the emperor, was so bold as to remember him, "that the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next; and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly, as still to put on thoughts of peace." Which advice, though it seemed to be spoken with some passion (his dear mistress, the queen of Bohemia, being concerned in it), was yet taken in good part by the emperor, who replied, "that he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the king, his master, as an abettor of his enemy, the Palsgrave, yet, for Sir Henry himself, his behaviour had been such during the manage of the treaty, that he took him to be a person of much honor and merit, and did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him:" which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

This jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honor by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing

from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina, an Italian lady, in whose house the emperor had appointed him to be lodged and honorably entertained, acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities; presenting her with the same that was given him by the emperor; which, being suddenly discovered and told to the emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, "that though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his royal mistress, the queen of Bohemia;" for so she was pleased he should always call her.

Many other of his services to his prince and this nation might be insisted upon; as, namely, his procurations of privileges and courtesies with the German princes and the republic of Venice, for the English merchants; and what he did by direction of king James with the Venetian state, concerning the Bishop of Spalatro's return to the church of Rome. But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some papers that might inform me (his late majesty's letter-office having now suffered a strange alienation), and indeed I want time too; for the printer's press stays for

what is written ; so that I must haste to bring Sir Henry Wotton in an instant from Venice to London ; leaving the reader to make up what is defective in this place, by the small supplement of the inscription under his arms, which he left at all those houses where he rested or lodged, when he returned from his last embassy into England.

“ *Henricus Wottonius, Anglo-Cantianus, Thomæ optimi viri filius natus minimus, à serenissimo Jacobo I., Mag. Brit. rege, in equestrem titulum adscitus, ejusdemque ter ad rempublicam Venetam Legatus Ordinarius, semel ad confœderatarum provinciarum ordines in Juliacensi negotio ; bis ad Carolum Emanuel, Sabaudie Ducem, semel ad unitos superioris Germaniæ principes in Conventu Heilbrunensi, postremo ad Archiducem Leopoldum, Ducem Wittembergensem, civitates imperiales, Argentinam, Ulmamque, et ipsum Romanorum Imperatorem Ferdinandum Secundum, Legatus Extraordinarius, tandem hoc didicit,*

“ *Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo.*”

To London he came the year before king James died ; who having, for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted for a supply of his pres-

ent necessities, and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls place, if he outlived charitable Sir Julius Cæsar, who then possessed it, and then grown so old that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

But these were but in hope, and his condition required a present support. For in the beginning of these employments he sold to his elder brother, the Lord Wotton, the rent-charge left by his good father, and, which is worse, was now at his return indebted to several persons, whom he was not able to satisfy but by the king's payment of his arrears due for his foreign employments. He had brought into England many servants, of which some were German and Italian artists. This was part of his condition, who had many times hardly sufficient to supply the occasions of the day. For it may by no means be said of his providence, as himself said of Sir Philip Sidney's wit, "that it was the very measure of congruity," he being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, "Care not for to-morrow," were to be literally understood.

But it pleased the God of providence that, in this juncture of time, the provostship of his majesty's college of Eton became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray; for which there were (as

the place deserved) many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. And Sir Henry, who had for many years (like Sisypheus) rolled the restless stone of a state employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age (being now almost three-score years) seemed to require, did therefore use his own and the interest of all his friends to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy (which I have not time to relate), he got a grant of it from his majesty.

And this was a fair satisfaction to his mind. But money was wanting to furnish him with those necessities which attend removes and a settlement in such a place; and to procure that, he wrote to his old friend, Mr. Nicholas Pey, for his assistance. Of which Nicholas Pey I shall here say a little for the clearing of some passages that I shall mention hereafter.

He was in his youth a clerk, or in some such way a servant to the Lord Wotton, Sir Henry's brother; and by him, when he was comptroller of the king's household, was made a great officer in his majesty's house. This and other favors being conferred upon Mr. Pey, in whom there

was a radical honesty, were always thankfully acknowledged by him, and his gratitude expressed by a willing and unwearied serviceableness to that family even till his death. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote, to use all his interest at court to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears (for less would not settle him in the college), and the want of such a sum "wrinkled his face with care" (it was his own expression); and that money being procured, he should the next day after find him in his college, and "*Invidiæ remedium*" written over his study-door.

This money, being part of his arrears, was, by his own and the help of honest Nicholas Pey's interest in court, quickly procured him, and he as quickly in the college; the place where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning; the college being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage; where, by the bounty of the pious founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in kind, and more money than enough; where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock, as the waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers; and, as Sir William Davenant has happily expressed the like of another person,

**"Laugh at the graver business of the state,
Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate."**

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the college, by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did, being made Deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the church-service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him of his new habit; to whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, "I thank God and the king, by whose goodness I now am in this condition; a condition which that emperor, Charles the Fifth, seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloistered life, where he might by devout meditations consult with God," — which the rich or busy men seldom do, — "and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions. And after a kind of tempestuous life I now have the like advantage from Him 'that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him,' even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption

from business, a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

And now to speak a little of the employments of his time in the college. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer. This was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure ; but some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call " his idle time not idly spent " ; saying often, " he would rather live five May months, than forty Decembers."

He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table ; where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school, in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning. For whose encouragement he was (besides many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators; persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because "Almighty God has left such kind affections to be wrought upon." And he would often say, "that none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets, and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apothegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of Education; of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion ; concerning which I shall say a little, both to testify that, and to show the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper-music at church ; the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, written in a small piece of paper, "Where was your religion to be found before Luther ?" To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit, "My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God."

The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir-boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest : "Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power ? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience." To which he underwrit in French, "Monsieur, excusez-moi."

To one that asked him, "Whether a Papist may be saved ?" he replied, "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself."

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice: "Pray, Sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have this proverb; 'He that understands amiss concludes worse.' And take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose:

"In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Leyden, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius, then the Professor of Divinity in that university; a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions (as so weak a brain as mine is may easily do), then I know I differ from him in some points. Yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit. And that he was so mild, appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins of Cambridge, from whose book, 'Of the Order and Causes of Salvation' (which was first written in Latin), Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequences

of his doctrine ; intending them, it is said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins's own hands ; and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. **But** Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and it is thought Arminius meant them to die with him. For though he lived long after, I have heard he forebore to publish them ; but since his death his sons did not. And it is a pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those proposals himself ; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy, yet for the most part they have rather satisfied themselves, than convinced the dissenting party. And doubtless, many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are not in the highest form for learning, which yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know, until they come to heaven, where the questions stick betwixt Arminius and the church of England (if there be any), will yet in this world be tampering with, and thereby perplexing the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the reproof of St. Jude, for being busy-bodies, and for meddling with things they understand not."

“And here it offers itself (I think not unfidly) to tell the reader, that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton's, being designed for the employment of an ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations. To whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism; “that, to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country, he should always, and upon all occasions, speak the truth”; — it seems a state paradox; — “for,” says Sir Henry Wotton, “you shall never be believed; and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and it will also put your adversaries, who will still hunt counter, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.”

Many more of this nature might be observed, but they must be laid aside; for I shall here make a little stop, and invite the reader to look back with me whilst, according to my promise, I shall say a little of Sir Albertus Morton and Mr. William Bedel, whom I formerly mentioned.

I have told you that are my reader, that at Sir Henry Wotton's first going ambassador into Italy, his cousin, Sir Albertus Morton, went his secretary. And I am next to tell you that Sir Albertus died Secretary of State to our late king; but cannot, am not able to express the sorrow that possessed Sir Henry Wotton at his first hearing

the news that Sir Albertus was by death lost to him and this world. And yet the reader may partly guess by these following expressions; the first in a letter to his Nicholas Pey, of which this that followeth is a part.

——— “ And, my dear Nick, when I had been here almost a fortnight, in the midst of my great contentment, I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton's departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it. What a wound it is to my heart, you that knew him and know me, will easily believe. But our Creator's will must be done, and unrepiningly received by his own creatures, who is the Lord of all nature and of all fortune, when he taketh to himself now one and then another, till that expected day wherein it shall please him to dissolve the whole and wrap up even the heaven itself as a scroll of parchment. This is the last philosophy that we must study upon earth. Let us, therefore, that yet remain here, as our days and friends waste, reinforce our love to each other, which, of all virtues, both spiritual and moral, hath the highest privilege, because death itself cannot end it. And my good Nick,” &c.

This is a part of his sorrow thus expressed to his Nick Pey. The other part is in this following

elegy, of which the reader may safely conclude,
it was too hearty to be dissembled.

"T E A R S "

"WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON,

"BY HENRY WOTTON.

"SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell :
Yet let me borrow from mine own unrest
A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

"Oh, my unhappy lines ! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent— 'Here my Albertus lies !'

"This is that sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace :
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

"Here will I paint the characters of woe ;
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead ;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints on which I tread.

"Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me :
Yet even these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

"But is he gone? and live I rhyming here
As if some muse would listen to my lay,
When all distuned sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play?

"Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
Discharged from Nature's and from Fortune's trust;
Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
And runs the rest of my remaining dust."

This concerning his Sir Albertus Morton.

And for what I shall say concerning Mr. William Bedel, I must prepare the reader by telling him, that when king James sent Sir Henry Wotton ambassador to the state of Venice, he sent also an ambassador to the king of France, and another to the king of Spain. With the ambassador of France went Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, whose many and useful works speak his great merit. With the ambassador of Spain went James Wadsworth, and with Sir Henry Wotton went William Bedel.

These three chaplains to these three ambassadors were all bred in one university, all of one college (Emanuel college in Cambridge), all beneficed in one diocese, and all most dear and entire friends. But in Spain Mr. Wadsworth met with temptations, or reasons, such as were so powerful as to persuade him (who of the three was formerly observed to be the most averse to that

religion that calls itself Catholic) to disclaim himself a member of the church of England, and declare himself for the church of Rome; discharging himself of his attendance on the ambassador, and betaking himself to a monastic life, in which he lived very regularly, and so died.

When Dr. Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, came into England, he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth (it is the first epistle in his printed Decades), to persuade his return, or to show the reason of his apostasy. The letter seemed to have in it many sweet expressions of love; and yet there was in it some expression, that was so unpleasant to Mr. Wadsworth, that he rather chose to acquaint his old friend, Mr. Bedel, with his motives; by which means there passed betwixt Mr. Bedel and Mr. Wadsworth divers letters, which be extant in print, and did well deserve it; for in them there seems to be a controversy, not of religion only, but who should answer each other with most love and meekness; which I mention the rather, because it too seldom falls out to be so in a book war.

There is yet a little more to be said of Mr. Bedel; for the greatest part of which the reader is referred to this following letter of Sir Henry Wotton's, written to our late king, Charles the First.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

"HAVING been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither with a most humble petition unto your majesty, that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedel, now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk, governor of your college at Dublin, for the good of that society ; and myself being required to render unto your majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel, who was long my chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth (so far as your majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment) to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your majesty in your whole kingdom for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rites of the church, and zeal to advance the cause of God ; wherein his travels abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians.

"For it may please your majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart, from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had ever practised

in his days ; of which all the passages were well known to the king your father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your majesty's good favor, I will end this needless office ; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and Christian temper, and those religious labors which himself hath dedicated to your majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

“ Your majesty's most humble
and faithful servant,
H. WOTTON.”

To this letter I shall add this, that he was, to the great joy of Sir Henry Wotton, made governor of the said college (August 1627) ; and that after a fair discharge of his duty and trust there, he was thence removed to be Bishop of Kilmore (September 3, 1629). In both which places his life was so holy, as seemed to equal the primitive Christians ; for, as they, so he kept all the Ember weeks, observed (besides his private devotions) the canonical hours of prayer very strictly, and so he did all the feasts and fast days of his mother, the church of England. To which I may add, that his patience and charity were both such as showed his affections were set upon “ things that are above ” ; for indeed his whole life brought forth the “ fruits of the spirit ” ; there being in him such a remarkable meekness that, as St. Paul

advised his Timothy in the election of a bishop (1 Tim. iii. 7.), "that he have a good report of those that be without"; so had he. For those that were without, even those that in point of religion were of the Roman persuasion (of which there were very many in his diocese), did yet (such is the power of visible piety) ever look upon him with respect and reverence, and testified it by a concealing and safe protecting him from death in the late horrid rebellion in Ireland, when the fury of the wild Irish knew no distinction of persons; and yet there and then he was protected and cherished by those of a contrary persuasion; and there and then he died, not by violence or misusage, but by grief in a quiet prison (1629). And with him was lost many of his learned writings, which were thought worthy of preservation; and among the rest was lost the Bible, which, by many years' labor and conference and study, he had translated into the Irish tongue, with an intent to have it printed for public use.

More might be said of Mr. Bedel, who, I told the reader, was Sir Henry Wotton's first chaplain; and much of his second chaplain, Isaac Bargrave, doctor in divinity and the late learned and hospitable Dean of Canterbury; as also of the merits of many others that had the happiness to attend Sir Henry in his foreign employments. But the reader may think that in this digression I have

already carried him too far from Eton college ; and therefore I shall lead him back as gently and as orderly as I may to that place, for a further conference concerning Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton had proposed to himself, before he entered into his collegiate life, to write the life of Martin Luther, and in it the history of the Reformation, as it was carried on in Germany. For the doing of which he had many advantages by his several embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several princes of the empire ; by whose means he had access to the records of all the Hans towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view ; and in these he had made a happy progress, as is well known to his worthy friend Dr. Duppa, the late reverend Bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design, his late majesty, king Charles the First, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive, loving violence, to which may be added a promise of five hundred pounds a year, force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England : in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build ; but for the present meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the founder of that college, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being.

But Sir Henry died in the midst of this undertaking ; and the footsteps of his labors are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

This is some account both of his inclination, and the employment both of his time in the college, where he seemed to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts ; by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained ; he being always free, even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which so usually attends age.

And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments ; for which his just arrears due from the king would have made satisfaction. But being still delayed with court-promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a Christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last will. Concerning which, a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt, but that his chief design was a Christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.

And that it may remain as such a testimony, and a legacy to those that loved him, I shall here impart it to the reader, as it was found written with his own hand.

“ In the name of God Almighty and All-merciful, I Henry Wotton, Provost of his majesty's college by Eaton, being mindful of mine own mortality, which the sin of our first parents did bring upon all flesh, do, by this last will and testament, thus dispose of myself and the poor things I shall leave in this world. My soul I bequeath to the immortal God, my Maker, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, my blessed Redeemer and Mediator, through his all-sole sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and efficient for his elect, in the number of whom I am one by his mere grace, and thereof most unremovably assured by his Holy Spirit, the true Eternal Comforter. My body I bequeath to the earth, if I shall end my transitory days at or near Eaton, to be buried in the chapel of the said college, as the Fellows shall dispose thereof, with whom I have lived, my God knows, in all loving affection ; or, if I shall die near Bocton Malherbe, in the county of Kent, then I wish to be laid in that parish church, as near as may be to the sepulchre of my good father, expecting a joyful resurrection with him in the day of Christ.”

After this account of his faith, and this surrender of his soul to that God that inspired it, and this direction for the disposal of his body, he proceeded to appoint, that his executors should

lay over his grave a marble stone, plain and not costly. And considering that time moulders even marble to the dust ; for

“Monuments themselves must die ;”

Therefore did he (waving the common way) think fit rather to preserve his name (to which the son of Sirach adviseth all men) by a useful apothegm, than by a large enumeration of his descent or merits, of both which he might justly have boasted ; but he was content to forget them, and did choose only this prudent, pious sentence, to discover his disposition and preserve his memory. It was directed by him to be thus inscribed :

HIC JACET HUIUS SENTENTIE PRIMUS AUTHOR,
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESJARUM SCA-
BIES.

NOMEN ALIAS QUERE.

Which may be Englished thus :

HERE LIES THE FIRST AUTHOR OF THIS SENTENCE,
THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE
THE SCAB OF THE CHURCH.
INQUIRE HIS NAME ELSEWHERE.

And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence, but that this, or a sentence like it, was long before his time ; to him I answer, that Solomon says, " Nothing can be spoken, that hath not been spoken ; for there is no new thing under the sun." But grant, that in his various reading he had met with this or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all readers to believe, that Sir Henry Wotton's mind was then so fixed on that part of the communion of saints which is above, that a holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he said, he was too prudent first to own, and then expose it to the public view and censure of every critic. And questionless it will be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him ; and that, in this sacred ecstasy, his thoughts were then only of the church triumphant, into which he daily expected his admission ; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a prophet, to tell the church militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation, where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous, and more destructive to humble piety ; and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to

speak and act such sins as the ancient, humble Christians believed to be a sin to think ; and where, as our reverend Hooker says, " former simplicity and softness of spirit is not now to be found, because zeal hath drowned charity, and skill meekness." It will be good to think that these sad changes have proved this epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation ; and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth.

This by way of observation concerning his epitaph. The rest of his will follows in his own words.

" Further, I, the said Henry Wotton, do constitute and ordain to be joint executors of this my last will and testament, my two grand nephews, Albert Morton, second son to Sir Robert Morton, knight, late deceased, and Thomas Bargrave, eldest son to Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, husband to my right virtuous and only niece. And I do pray the aforesaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, my most faithful and chosen friends, together with Mr. John Harrison, one of the Fellows of Eaton College, best acquainted with my books and pictures, and other utensils, to be supervisors of this my last will and testament. And I do pray the aforesaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, to be solicitous for such

arrears as shall appear due unto me from his majesty's exchequer at the time of my death; and to assist my forenamed executors in some reasonable and conscientious satisfaction of my creditors, and discharge of my legacies now specified; or that shall be hereafter added unto this my testament by any codicil or schedule, or left in the hands or in any memorial with the aforesaid Mr. John Harrison.

"And first, to my most dear sovereign and master, of incomparable goodness, (in whose gracious opinion I have ever had some portion, as far as the interest of a plain, honest man,) I leave four pictures at large of those Dukes of Venice, in whose time I was there employed, with their names written on the back side, which hang in my great ordinary dining-room, done after the life by Edoardo Fialetto; likewise, a table of the Venetian college, where ambassadors had their audience, hanging over the mantle of the chimney in the said room, done by the same hand, which containeth a draught in little, well resembling the famous D. Leonardo Donato, in a time which needed a wise and constant man. Item, the picture of a Duke of Venice, hanging over against the door, done either by Titiano, or some other principal hand, long before my time. Most humbly beseeching his majesty, that the said pieces may remain in some corner of any of his

houses, for a poor memorial of his most humble vassal.

“ Item, I leave his said majesty all the papers and negotiations of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, knight, during his famous employment, under queen Elizabeth, in Scotland and in France; which contain divers secrets of state, that perchance his majesty will think fit to be preserved in his paper-office, after they have been perused and sorted by Mr. Secretary Windebank, with whom I have heretofore, as I remember, conferred about them. They were committed to my disposal by Sir Arthur Throgmorton, his son, to whose worthy memory I cannot better discharge my faith, than by assigning them to the highest place of trust.

“ Item, I leave to our most gracious and virtuous queen Mary, Dioscorides, with the plants naturally colored, and the text translated by Matthiolo in the best language of Tuscany, whence her said majesty is lineally descended, for a poor token of my thankful devotion for the honor she was once pleased to do my private study with her presence. I leave to the most hopeful prince, the picture of the elected and crowned queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune. To my Lord's Grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of Divine Love, rarely copied from

one in the king's galleries, of my presentation to his majesty ; beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy Lord Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer of England, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclitus bewailing, and Democritus laughing at, the world ; most humbly beseeching the said Lord Archbishop his Grace, and the Lord Bishop of London, of both whose favors I have tasted in my life-time, to intercede with our most gracious sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that, out of compassionate memory of my long services (wherein I more studied the public honor than mine own utility), some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the exchequer, for such satisfaction of my creditors, as those whom I have ordained supervisors of this my last will and testament, shall present unto their lordships, without their farther trouble ; hoping likewise in his majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality in the demand of my said arrears.

“ To ———, for a poor addition to his cabinet, I leave as emblems of his attractive virtues and obliging nobleness, my great loadstone, and a piece of amber of both kinds naturally united,

and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item, a piece of crystal sexangular (as they grow all) grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhætian Alps, in the very place where it grew ; recommending most humbly unto his lordship, the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the fore-named spiritual lords, and am heartily sorry that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honored person. Item, I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his majesty's principal Secretaries of State, (whom I found my great friend in point of necessity) the Four Seasons of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his parlour (being in little form), which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

“ To the above-named Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian books not disposed in this will. I leave to him likewise my viol de Gamba, which hath been twice with me in Italy ; in which country I first contracted with him an unremovable affection. To my other supervisor, Mr. Nicholas Pey, I leave my chest, or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses ; in the lower box whereof are some fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest

man as he is.* I leave him likewise sixty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears; and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no further to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the Library at Eaton College, I leave all my manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the Fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, 'Amor unit omnia.'

This is my last will and testament, save what shall be added by a schedule therunto annexed, written on the first of October, in the present year of our Redemption, 1637, and subscribed by myself, with the testimony of these witnesses.

NICH. OUDERT,
GEO. LASH.

HENRY WOTTON."

And now, because the mind of man is best satisfied by the knowledge of events, I think fit to declare, that every one that was named in his will did gladly receive their legacies; by which, and his most just and passionate desires for the payment of his debts, they joined in assisting the overseers of his will; and by their joint endeav-

* In it were Italian locks, pick-locks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity, that he had gathered in his foreign travels.

ours to the king (than whom none was more willing) conscionable satisfaction was given for his just debts.

The next thing wherewith I shall acquaint the reader is, that he went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Bocton-Hall, where he would say, "he found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company," which he called "the living furniture of the place"; and "a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of" that which he called "his genial air."

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester college, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eaton college, said to a friend, his companion in that journey, "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures without mixtures of cares, and those to

he enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes ; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative ; in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales (the learned Mr. John Hales), then a Fellow of that college, to whom, upon an occasion, he spake to this purpose : "I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable, and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of. Nevertheless in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content ; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath, by his grace, prevented me from making

shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart ; and I most humbly praise him for it. And I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy. And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death ; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world ; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better ; that world wherein dwelleth righteousness ; and I long for it."

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an asthma or short spitting. But after less than twenty fits, by the help of familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated, yet so as to leave him much weaker than it found him ; and his asthma seemed also to be overcome in a good degree by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition, and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death ; at which time he again fell into a fever, which, though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they and those other common infirmities that accompany age,

and those went to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him, came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near; for which he seemed, to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters, writ on this his last sick-bed, may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a quotidian fever, in the tenth fit of which fever, his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life, — that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Win-

chester school, then at Oxford, and after upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom, — that circle of his life was by death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy-second year of his age, at Eton college, where, according to his will he now lies buried, with his motto on a plain grave-stone over him: dying worthy of his name and family; worthy of the love and favor of so many princes and persons of eminent wisdom and learning; worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country.

And all readers are requested to believe, that he was worthy of a more worthy pen to have preserved his memory and commended his merits to the imitation of posterity.

IZ. WA.

AN ELEGY

ON

SIR HENRY WOTTON,

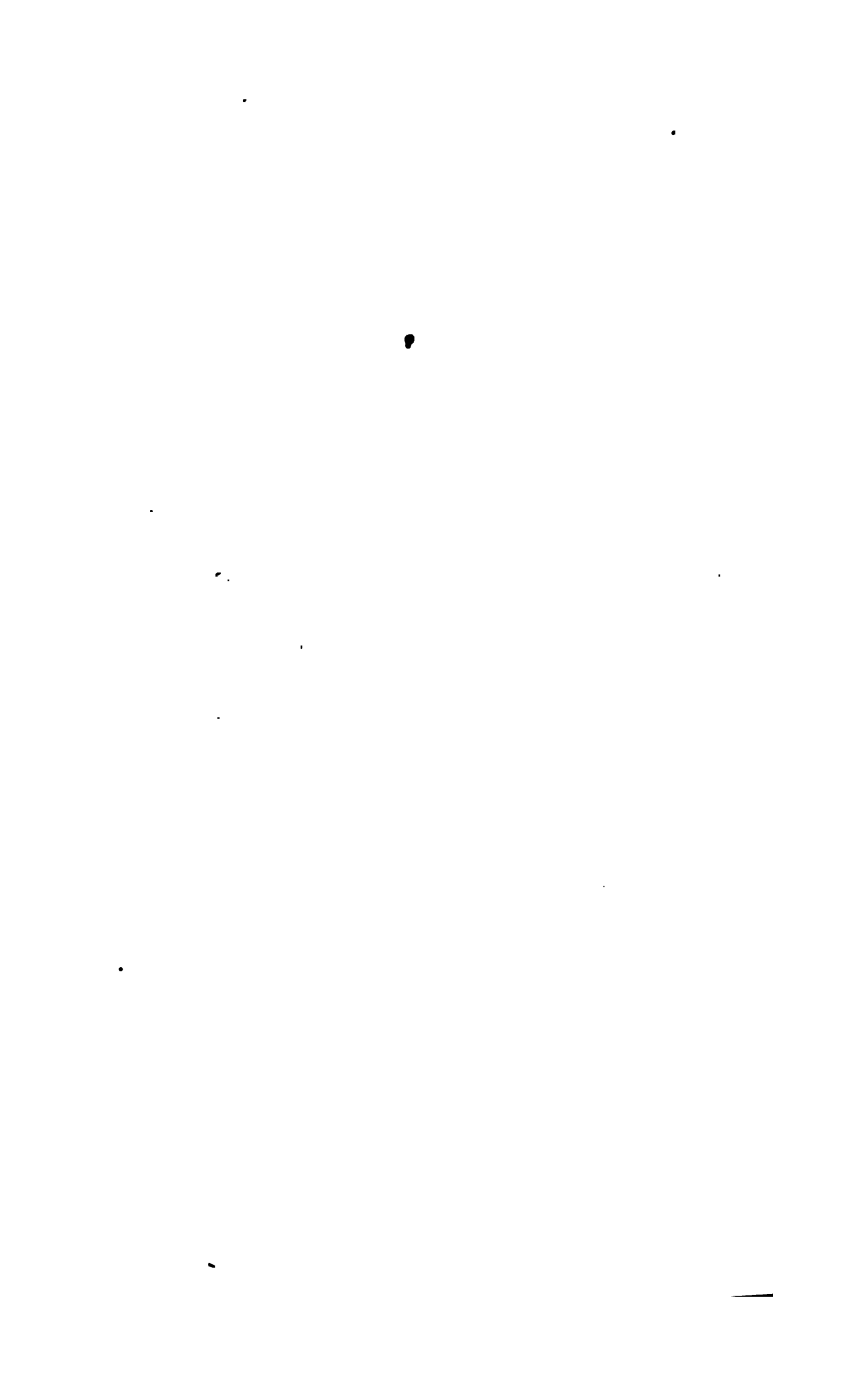
WRIT BY MR. ABRAM COWLEY.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be;
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame should speak of him in more.

Whom England now no more returned must see ;
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travelled often, not to say
He'd been abroad to pass loose time away ;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners ; bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the West ;
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only lived but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known ;
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express :
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date.
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind ;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan,
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died lest he should idle grow at last.

A. COWLEY.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Page xiv. *Sir Henry Wotton.*

"My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed; a man, whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind." — (*Complete Angler. P. I. Ch. I.*)

In Sir Henry Wotton's verses, written by him as he sat fishing on the bank of a river, he probably alludes to Walton himself, who often accompanied him in his innocent amusement:

"There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill."

That this amiable and excellent person set a high value on the conversation of his humble friend, appears from the following letter:

" MY WORTHY FRIEND,

" Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my chamber by a quotidian fever, I thank God, of more contumacy than malignity. It had once left me, as I thought, but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetic vapors, that are called hypocondrical; of which most say the cure is good company, and I desire no better physician than yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavoured to make it more easy by composing a short hymn; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardoned a second vanity, if I communicated it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a cheerful spirit, and a thankful heart to value it, as one of the greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining

" Your poor friend to serve you,

" H. WOTTON."

(*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 361. 4th edit.)

Page xx. *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*.

A contemporary writer has thus delineated the characters of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton.—
 "To speak it in a word, the Trojan Horse was not fuller of heroic Grecians, than King James's reign was full of men excellent in all kinds of learning. And here I desire the reader's leave to remember two of my old acquaintance: the one was Mr. John Donne, who, leaving Oxford, lived at the Inns of Court, not dissolute, but very neat; a great visitor of ladies, a great writer of conceited verses, until such time as

King James, taking notice of the pregnancy of his wit, was a means that he took him to the study of divinity, and, thereupon proceeding Doctor, was made Dean of St. Paul's, and became so rare a preacher, that he was not only commended, but even admired by all that heard him. The other was Henry Wotton (mine old acquaintance also, as having been fellow pupils and chamber-fellows in Oxford divers years together.) This gentleman was employed by King James in embassy to Venice: and indeed the kingdom afforded not a fitter man for matching the capaciousness of the Italian wits; a man of so able dexterity with his pen, that he hath done himself much wrong, and the kingdom more, in leaving no more of his writings behind him." (*Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle of the Kings of England*, London, 1684.)

Page liii. *His affection for sacred music, &c.*

"He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth?" — (*Complete Angler*, P. I. Ch. I.)

Page 3. *George, Lord Bishop of Winchester.*

Dr. George Morley, distinguished by his unshaken loyalty and attachment to Charles I. was, at the Restoration, first made Dean of Christ-church, and

then Bishop of Worcester. In 1662 he was translated to the see of Winchester. Though nominated one of the Assembly of Divines, he never took his seat among them. During his absence from his native country, he endeared himself to several learned foreigners, particularly to Andrew Rivettus, Heinsius, Salmasius, and Bochart. He constantly attended the young exiled King ; but not being permitted to follow him into Scotland, he retired to Antwerp, where for about three or four years he read the service of the Church of England twice every day, catechized once a week, and administered the communion once a month to all the English in the town who could come to it, regularly and strictly observing all the parochial duties of a clergyman, as he did afterwards at Breda for four years together. Walker, in his *History of the Sufferings of the Clergy*, having quoted Anthony Wood's character of this prelate, concludes with this exclamation : " O that but a single portion of his spirit might always rest on the established clergy ! " He died in 1684.

Page 5. *For Sir Henry Wotton's writing the life of Dr. Donne.*

Sir Henry Wotton addressed the following letter to Mr. Isaac Walton, who had requested him to perform his promise of writing the life of Dr. Donne.

" MY WORTHY FRIEND,

" I am not able to yield any reason, not so much as may satisfy myself, why a most ingenuous letter of yours hath lain so long by me (as it were in laven-

der) without an answer, save this only, the pleasure I have taken in your style and conceptions, together with a meditation of the subject you propound, may seem to have cast me into a gentle slumber. But, being now awaked, I do herein return you most hearty thanks for the kind prosecution of your first motion, touching a just office due to the memory of our ever-memorable friend; to whose good fame, though it be needless to add any thing (and, my age considered, almost hopeless from my pen), yet I will endeavour to perform my promise, if it were but even for this cause, that in saying somewhat of the life of so deserving a man, I may perchance over-live mine own.

“That which you add of Dr. King (now made Dean of Rochester, and by that translated into my native soil) is a great spur unto me; with whom I hope shortly to confer about it in my passage towards Boughton Malherbe (which was my genial air), and invite him to a friendship with that family, where his predecessor was familiarly acquainted. I shall write to you at large by the next messenger, (being at present a little in business), and then I shall set down certain general heads, wherein I desire information by your loving diligence, hoping shortly to have your own ever-welcome company in this approaching time of the *fly* and the *cork*. And so I rest your hearty poor friend to serve you.

“H. WOTTON.”

(*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 360. edit. 3.)

Page 6. *Dr. Gauden.*

Dr. John Gauden, born at Mayland in Essex, educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was Dean of Bocking, and Master of the Temple, in the beginning of the reign of Charles I. In 1660 he was made Bishop of Exeter, and from thence promoted to Worcester in 1662, in which year he died, aged 57 years. "Cum Gilbertus Cantuariensis Majestatem ejus certiores fecisset Gaudenum vitam functum esse, 'Non dubito' regerit Rex, 'quin facile erit reperire hominem eo longe digniorem, qui in ejus locum sufficiatur.'"

(*Vita Johannis Barwick*, p. 251.)

Page 8. *Dr. Field.*

Dr. Richard Field, Chaplain to James I. and Dean of Gloucester, died Nov. 21, 1616, — the friend of Mr. Richard Hooker, and one of the most learned men of his age. He was the author of a work entitled, "Of the Church," fol. 1610. — James I. when he first heard him preach, said, "This is a *Field* for God to dwell in." — With the same allusion Fuller calls him that learned divine, "whose memory smelleth like a *Field* that the Lord hath blessed." — Anthony Wood mentions a manuscript, written by Nathaniel Field, Rector of Stourton, in Wiltshire, containing "some short Memorials concerning the Life of that Rev. Divine, Dr. Richard Field, Frebendary of Windsor," &c. The feature which peculiarly marked his disposition, was an aversion to those disputes on the Arminian points, which then began to disturb the peace of the church, and from

which he dreaded the most unhappy consequences. It was his ambition to conciliate, not to irritate.

Page 14. *Charles Cotton.*

The author of "Scarronides, or Virgile Travestie," and of other poems. He composed the second part of "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation;" being a continuation of Isaac Walton's tract on the same subject. In this work he thus speaks of our Biographer: "I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and truest friend any man ever had. Nay, I shall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me leave to call him Father, and I hope is not ashamed to own me for his adopted Son."

Page 15. *Dr. King.*

Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, was the author of a new metrical translation of the Psalms, and also of poems, elegies, paradoxes, sonnets, divers Latin and Greek poems, with some sermons and religious tracts. Whilst he was Dean of Rochester, he was suspected of favoring the Puritans. The King, desirous of gratifying that party, made him Bishop of Chichester. But during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, he suffered with his brethren, and was compelled to go abroad. He returned at the Restoration, and surviving that event nine years, died Oct. 1, 1669.

Page 18. *Mr. John Hales, of Eton.*

The ever memorable John Hales, Greek Professor in the University of Oxford, and afterward Fellow of Eton College, from his vast erudition, called "The Walking-Library," was esteemed to be one of the greatest scholars in Europe. Having attended the Ambassador of James I. to the Synod of Dort, he composed, in a series of letters, a regular and most faithful narrative of the proceedings of that assembly. Obligated to sell his most valuable collection of books at a low price, he died in extreme misery, May 19, 1656, aged 72.

Page 21. *Franciscus Suarez.*

A celebrated Jesuit, the author of many controversial and other tracts. He was born in 1548, and died in 1617. His works are contained in 23 vols. folio. The treatise here alluded to is entitled "Defensio Fidei Catholicæ, contra Anglicanæ Sectæ Errores, una cum Responsione ad Jac. Regis Apologiam pro Juramento Fidelitatis. Mag. 1619." A copy of this book was burnt in England by public authority. It is related of him, that he met death with the most joyful tranquillity and composure of mind, uttering these words, "Non putabam tam dulce, tam suave esse mori."

Page 21. *Mr. John Saltkel.*

Mr. John Saltkel or Salkeild; for some years a Member of the Church of Rome and a Jesuit. He was profoundly read in theological and other authors; but, being for the fame of his learning brought before

King James, he was so far convinced by his Majesty's arguments, as to come over to the Church of England, for which he was wont to style himself "The Royal Convert," and the King honored him so far, as to call him "The learned Salkeld" in his works and writings.

Page 26. *As once Pompey's poor bondman was.*

Philip, the freed-man of Pompey, watched the dead body of his master, till the multitude had satisfied their curiosity; and then washing it with sea-water, he wrapt it up in a garment of his own, and finding some rotten planks of a little fisherman's boat, he gathered them together for a funeral pile. Lucan has given a long description of Pompey's unhappy destiny. According to his account, the body was thrown into the sea, and Servius Codrus, once his quæstor and his friend, brought it to shore, and paid the last honors to it.

E latebris pavidus decurrit ad æquora Cordus,
 Quæstor ab Idalio Cinyræ litore Cypri
 Infaustus Magni fuerat comes: ille per umbras
 Ausus ferre gradum, victum pietate timorem
 Compulit, ut mediis quæsitum corpus in undis
 Duceret ad terram, traheretque in litora Magnum.

LUCAN. Lib. VIII. ver. 720

Page 29. *John Rastall.*

John Rastall, a celebrated printer, married Elizabeth the sister of Sir Thomas More. William, their son, was brought up to the bar, and was appointed one of the Justices of the King's Bench in 1558.

Upon the demise of Queen Mary, he steadily adhered to his religion, left England, and spent the remainder of his days at Louvain. He published the works of his uncle, Sir Thomas More, in one volume. He also formed a collection of and wrote a comment on the statutes, and a very useful book entitled "*Les Termes de la Ley*," or "An explication of certain difficult and obscure words and terms of the common laws and statutes of this realm now in use."

Page 30. *Picus Mirandula.*

Picus, Prince of Mirandula, a duchy in Italy, now the property of the Dukes of Modena, was born in 1463, and having resigned his sovereignty in favor of his nephew, he died in 1494. He is said to have made so wonderful a progress in study, as to understand twenty-two languages at the age of eighteen years, and at the age of twenty-four years to dispute with great success, *de omni scibili*. He was honored with this pompous Epitaph.

"Hic situs est Picus Mirandula : cætera nōrunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes."

On which it was justly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that "his name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten, and his works then studied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity."

Page 33. *Cardinal Bellarmine.*

Robert Bellarmine, raised to the purple in 1599 by Pope Clement VIII. was born in 1542, and died at Rome in 1621. He was esteemed by the Jesuits as

the brightest ornament of their order, and the Protestant writers have always considered him as the most learned advocate of the church of Rome. His great work has been called "*Opus absolutissimum, quod controversiarum fermé omnium corpus dici queat.*"

Page 33. *The then Dean of Gloucester.*

Dr. Anthony Rudd, born in Yorkshire, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died Bishop of St. David's in 1614. By his sermon preached in 1596 before Queen Elizabeth, from Ps. xc. 12, in which by personally alluding to her advanced years, and plainly telling her Majesty, that "age had furrowed her face, and besprinkled her hair with its meal," he incurred her heavy displeasure.

Page 33. *The Cales and Island voyages.*

The Cales, or Cadiz voyage, was an expedition set forward by Queen Elizabeth in 1596, to prevent the invasion of England by Philip, King of Spain. It consisted of a fleet of 150 sail, with twenty-two Dutch ships, and seven thousand soldiers; Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, being Lord High Admiral, and the Earl of Essex, General of the land forces. On June 21st, the Spanish squadron was destroyed, and the town taken, with an immense treasure and stores; in addition to which the inhabitants redeemed their lives at the price of 520,000 ducats. The Island voyage was also an expedition to oppose the King of Spain invading Ireland, in 1597; and it consisted of 120 sail, and 6000 land forces under the

Earl of Essex. It was his intention first to have destroyed the ships passing, and then sailing to the Azores, or Western Islands, to have waited for, and captured the Spanish India Fleet. This scheme however failed, through contrary winds, storms, and a dispute between the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Page 34. *The Lord Ellesmere.*

Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, a native of Cheshire, the founder of the house of Egerton. In consideration of his singular merits, he had the care of the Great Seal committed to him, May 6, 1596, under the title of Lord Keeper, and by King James I. he was created Baron of Ellesmere, and constituted Lord Chancellor of England. It was said of Bankes, the Attorney General, that he exceeded Bacon in eloquence, *Chancellor Ellesmere in judgment*, and William Noy in law.

Page 36. *Henry, Earl of Northumberland.*

Henry Percy, the ninth Earl of Northumberland of that name; "a learned man himself, and the generous favorer of good learning," as he is called by Anthony Wood.

Page 41. *Dr. Morton.*

"This learned and charitable prelate," as Isaac Walton somewhere calls him, not more distinguished by the splendor of his parentage, than by his habitual temperance and diligence in study, died Sept. 22, 1659, in the 95th year of his age, after having re-

ceived the most injurious treatment from the Parliament. No apology is necessary for the insertion of the following affecting story concerning him. "Having suffered imprisonment at different times, and undergone many hardships, he was expelled from Durham-house. Wandering from place to place, he at last went to London with about sixty pounds — (which it seems was then his all); — he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, who being known to the Bishop was unknown to him; and in discourse asking the old gentleman, "What he was," the good Bishop replied, "I am that old man, the Bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes:" for Sir Christopher was not free from the stain of the times. Whereupon Sir Christopher demanded where he was going: "To London," replied the old gentleman; "to live a little while and then die." On this Sir Christopher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home with him into Northamptonshire, where he became tutor to his son.

Page 57. *The learned and eloquent works of his Majesty.*

How far the works of this royal author deserve the epithets here bestowed upon them, we venture not to decide. "The Dæmonologie" and "The Counterblast to Tobacco" do not excite very flattering sentiments of his literary acquirements. Quotations, puns, scripture, witticisms, superstition, oaths, vanity, prerogative, and pedantry, are affirmed by the writer of "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" to be the

ingredients of all his sacred majesty's performances. (*Vol. I. p. 41.*)— Yet the incense of praise and adulation was liberally offered to him, both in his lifetime and after his death. Ben Jonson, in an epigram, commends James as "best of kings and best of poets." One of the most learned divines of his time declares the King's Paraphrase upon the Revelation of St. John, which he is said to have written before he was twenty years of age, to be a memorable monument left to all posterity, "which I can never looke upon, but those verses of the poet runne alwaies in my minde :

" Cæsaribus virtus contigit ante diem :
 Ingenium cœleste suis velocius annis
 Surgit, et ignavæ fert mala damna moræ."

Page 57. Dr. Andrews.

Of this great divine Casaubon thus speaks, "De cujus altâ doctrinâ in omni genere disciplinarum quicquid dixero minus erit." In him were eminently united those qualities, which seldom meet in one man, "Scientia magna, memoria major, judicium maximum, et industria infinita." He is said to have possessed a critical and accurate knowledge of at least fifteen modern tongues. Hence, no one was better qualified to be one of the translators of the Bible in the reign of King James. Amongst Milton's juvenile poems is an elegy on the death of Bishop Andrews. Fuller observes of him, that "the Fathers are not more faithfully cited in his book, than lively copied out in his countenance and carriage ; his gravity in a manner awing King James,

who refrained from that mirth and liberty in the presence of this prelate, which otherwise he assumed to himself." Of his writings perhaps the most known and most useful is his Manual of Devotions, composed in Greek and Latin for his own private use.

Page 58. *Theobald's.*

The house at Theobald's, near Waltham in Essex, was built by the Lord High Treasurer Burghley, in the reign of Elizabeth; "a place, than which, as to the fabric, nothing can be more neat, and as to the gardens, walks, and wildernesses about it, nothing can be more pleasant." James I. was so much delighted with its situation, that he gave the manor of Hatfield Regis in exchange for it to Lord Cecil, afterward created Earl of Salisbury. He died at this his favorite palace, March 27, 1627. This noble and beautiful edifice was plundered and destroyed in 1651.

Page 67. *Dr. Gataker.*

Mr. Thomas Gataker, a solid, judicious, and truly pious divine, highly esteemed by Salmasius and other learned foreigners, was the author of a treatise once much read "Of the Nature and Use of Lots," &c. and was justly celebrated for his critical knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Being one of the Assembly of Divines appointed by Parliament in 1642, he conducted himself in that department with singular prudence and moderation. In the Assembly's Annotations on the Bible he execut-

ed with uncommon ability that division which included Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations. His Explication of Jeremiah x. 12, subjected him to the severe castigations of the famous astrologer William Lily, against whom he wrote "A Discourse Apologetical, wherein Lily's lewd and loud lies in his Merlin or Pasquil for the year 1654, are clearly laid open," &c. His house bore the resemblance of a college, where many young men, foreigners as well as natives, continually attended to receive instructions from his lectures. The most approved of his works are "A Dissertation upon the Style of the New Testament;" a Tract "de Nomine Tetragrammato — Adversaria Miscellanea."

Page 71. *St. Dunstan in the West.*

Isaac Walton, our biographer, was an inhabitant of this parish, and thus became intimately acquainted with Dr. Donne.

Page 80. *St. Augustine's life.*

St. Augustine died after the Goths and Vandals had with much barbarous cruelty and bloodshedding overrun the greater part of his native country of Africa. Only three cities of any note were preserved from their fury, of which his own city, Hippo, was one, though besieged by them fourteen months. According to his prayer he was delivered out of their hands by the mercy of God, who took him to himself during the time of the siege. See his life written by Posidonius, and usually prefixed to his works.

Page 80. *How is that place become desolate.*

By the votes of both Houses, made in the Long Parliament, Sept. 10-11, anno 1642, for the abolishing of bishops, deans, and chapters, the very foundation of this famous cathedral, says Sir William Dugdale, was utterly shaken in pieces. In the following year the famous cross in the churchyard, which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in this nation for the greatest divines and greatest scholars to preach at, was pulled down to the ground; the stalls of the Quire were also taken away; as also part of the pavement torn up, and monuments utterly demolished or defaced. The scaffolds erected for the repair of the church were given to the soldiers, and by them pits were dug for sawing up the timber in several places thereof, even where some reverend bishops and other persons of quality lay interred; and afterwards the body of the church was frequently converted to a horse-quarter for soldiers.

Page 81. *Dr. Hall.*

Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich. "The learned have given him this character, that he was 'Our English Seneca,' dexterous at controversy, not unhappy at comments, very good at characters, better in sermons, best of all in meditations and contemplations, all which have long since been put out in three volumes." Full of the spirit of Juvenal and Persius, he is considered as the first of our satirical poets. He introduces his celebrated work, "Virgidemiarum," with these lines -

"I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English Satyrist."

Page 85. *Prudentius.*

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, a Christian poet of the fourth century, was a native of Spain. He spent the earlier period of his life in more active scenes, distinguishing himself as an advocate at the bar, a soldier in the camp, and lastly as a courtier in the Imperial Court. He attempted not to write verses until he was advanced in years: "Tandem vero in senectute, repulsâ mundi vanitate, ad sacras Scripturas se contulit, et carmine ac prosâ multa utriusque Testamenti abstrusa, exposuit." — (*J. Trithemius.*) Gyraldus observes, that in his works there is more of religious zeal, than of the beauties of poetry, "*Melior omnino Christianus est quam Poëta.*" In the proem to the hymns of the "*Cathemerinon*," having described his conduct in the former part of his life, he declares his intention of celebrating God in daily hymns, and of exercising himself in discussing sacred subjects.

Page 88. *That model of gold, of the Synod of Dort.*

This famous national Convocation was made to examine into certain doctrines of Arminius, which were disputed in Holland. It met at Dort, Nov. 13th, 1618, and the States General allowed 100,000 francs for its expenses. The members of whom it was composed, were six persons from each of the United Provinces, twelve from [North and South Holland, two from the county of Drent, and deputies sent by the desire of the States from the King of England, the Elector Palatine, the Landgrave of Hesse, the States of Weteravia, the Republics and Cities of Geneva, Bremen, and Embden, and the

Cantons of Zurich, Berne, Basle, and Schaaflhausen. The doctrines which they discussed were those of Predestination, Redemption, Vocation, Conversion, and Perseverance; in which all that was contrary to the tenets of Calvin was condemned, whilst Vorstius and others, who would not subscribe to the decrees of the Synod, were deprived of their cures, and banished from the United States. These decrees were publicly read in the Great Church of Dort, May 1, 1619, when the Synod broke up; but the States General ordered the Medal to be struck, of which mention is made in the text, and of which they sent an impression in gold to every foreign Theologian and Councillor who had attended the meeting. The reverse of this Medal represents a mountain, on the summit of which is a temple, to which some figures are ascending by a very steep path. The four winds, emblematical of those who disturbed the tranquillity of the Church, are represented as blowing upon the mountain; and above the temple is the word Jehovah, in Hebrew characters. The Legend is taken from Psalm cxxv, 1, and is, ERUNT UT MONS SION. cxcxcix. The words in Donne's own Will are, "that medall of gold," instead of "that model," as in the text.

Page 88. *Padre Paolo.*

Paul Sarpi, commonly called Father Paul, was born at Venice, Aug. 14th, 1552, and was a member of the Order of Servites. Although he is said to have been a pattern of humility, he was an excellent Divine, Mathematician, and Natural Philosopher; and to him are attributed several discoveries in

Anatomy. Being made Procurator General of his Order, he resided at Rome, leaving his property in the hands of a person [who abused his trust, and who, to avoid detection, advised Paolo to remain in Rome for the sake of promotion. His answer was, that he held the dignities of that Court in abomination; and the letter containing the passage being betrayed to the Pope, Paolo was regarded as a heretic. His exertions on behalf of Venice, caused him to be cited to Rome, and after the Pope and the Venetian States were reconciled, the defenders of the latter were marked as objects of vengeance, on which account his life was attempted in 1607. His famous History of the Council of Trent was written in the seclusion to which he then retired, and he died Jan. 14th, 1622.

Page 88. *Fulgenzio.*

The friend and biographer of Father Paul, and celebrated for the dignity and freedom with which he preached the pure word of God. Of the real excellence of his discourses, no better testimony can be adduced than the declaration of Pope Paul V. "He has indeed some good sermons, but bad ones withal. He stands too much upon Scripture, which is a book that if any man will keep close to, he will quite ruin the Catholic Faith." Induced by some specious promises of the Pope's Nuncio to leave Venice, and under a safe conduct to go to Rome, he at first met with a kind reception, but was afterwards burnt in the Field of Flora.

Page 96. *The sand in that glass.*

The reader will recollect the custom which then prevailed, of regulating the time of preaching by the hour-glass, which was usually placed at the right-hand of the preacher.

Page 101. *Aspicit eum cujus nomen est Oriens.*

The concluding lines of the inscription evidently allude to his posture. "He was looking toward the east, from whence he expected his Saviour." The critical reader will remember, that in Zech. vi. 12. the passage alluded to, should be rendered "Behold the Man, whose name is the BRANCH," which the Seventy-Two translate *Ἀναστὰς ἕρμα αὐτοῦ*, — and the Vulgate "Oriens nomen ejus."

Page 102. *How much, &c.*

"Antes muerta que mudada." These words are supposed by a Spanish author to have been originally written on the sand by a lady promising fidelity to her lover.

Page 113. *A crown of sacred sonnets.*

"La Corona," a poem written by Dr. Donne, and consisting of seven holy sonnets, the first line of each sonnet beginning with the last line of the preceding one, the poem beginning and ending with the same line — namely

"Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise."

The subjects are — Annunciation — Nativitie — Temple-crucifying — Resurrection — Ascention.

Page 113. *A Litany.*

A poem so called, written by Donne, who, in a letter to his friend, Sir Henry Goodyere, gives this account of it. "Since my imprisonment in my bed I have made a meditation in verse, which I call a Litany. The word, you know, imports no other than supplication; but all churches have one form of supplication by that name. Amongst ancient annals, I mean some 800 years, I have met two Letanies in Latin verse, which gave me not the reason of my meditations; for in good faith I thought not upon them, but they give me a defence, if any man to a layman and a private impute it as a fault to take such divine and publique names to his own little thoughts." (*Letters, &c.* p. 32.)

Page 123. *Nicholas Wotton.*

What Sir Henry Wotton said of Sir Philip Sidney, has been applied to Nicholas Wotton. "That he was the very measure of congruity." Henry VIII. thus addressed him on his appointment to a foreign embassy; "I have sent a head by Cromwell, a purse by Wolsey, a sword by Brandon, and must now send the law by you." He was considered as possessing the qualifications of a statesman in a very eminent degree. "Every younker speaks as politic as Bishop Gardner or Dr. Wotton." (*Spenser's Letters to his friend Immerito.*)

Page 135. *Albericus Gentilis.*

A very celebrated Italian lawyer, born at Ancona in 1550, and educated at Perugia. About 1572, he

left his own country with his father and brother, they being of the reformed religion, and whilst the two former settled in Germany, he came into England, and was admitted at New Inn Hall, Oxford, in 1580, through the patronage of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, then Chancellor of that University. In 1587, Queen Elizabeth made him Professor of Civil Law, and it is supposed that he died at Oxford, about April, 1611. His works are principally on Jurisprudence, written in Latin.

Page 147. *Passing-bell.*

The soul-bell was tolled before the departure of a person out of life, as a signal for good men to offer up their prayers for the dying. Hence the abuse commenced of praying for the dead. "*Aliquo moriente campanæ debent pulsari, ut populus hoc audiens oret pro illo.*" (*Durandi Rationale.*)

Page 160. *The queen of Bohemia.*

The following verses were written by Sir Henry Wotton "on his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia: "

" You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise ?

" You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents ; what 's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

“ You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

“ So, when my mistress shall be seen,
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 The eclipse and glory of her kind.”

Page 161. *The Bishop of Spalatro.*

Marcus Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, in Dalmatia, and the territory of Venice, was born at Arba, about 1561. He came to England with Mr. Bedell, in 1617, and, on confessing himself a convert to the Protestant faith, was made Dean of Windsor. He was, however, persuaded by the Ambassador Gondamar, to return to Rome, and his former religion : but though the promise of a Cardinal's hat was held out to him, he was seized by the Inquisition, and died in prison, in 1625.

Page 162. *The inscription under his arms.*

A painted shield, with the titles of the Ambassador written below it, called a Lodging Scutcheon, was commonly hung of the door of the house in which the Envoy resided ; a custom derived probably from the ancient times of Chivalry, when the knights who were to appear in a tournament suspended their arms at the windows of their dwellings. It was also done to procure respect to the Ambassador's establishment, and the escutcheon was frequently left as a memorial of his Embassy.

Page 163. *Charitable Sir Julius Cæsar.*

Sir Julius Cæsar, alias Adelmare, the eldest son of Cæsar Dalmarius, an Italian physician to Queen Mary and to Queen Elizabeth. His bounty was so extensive, that he might be called "The Almoner General of the Nation." "It was not," says Lloyd in his *State Worthies*, "without a prosperous omen that his chief house in Hertfordshire was called Benington, that is "villa benigna," as one author will have it, or as another, "villa beneficii," the Town of Good Turns, from the river so named running by it." This venerable lawyer died April 28, 1639, in the 79th year of his age. He lies buried in great St. Helen's church, London, under a monument, having an inscription in the form of a deed with a seal to it, importing "That he was willing to pay his debt to nature whenever God pleased."

Page 191. *The summer before his death, &c.*

In this year he wrote his letter to Milton, who then lived near Eton, thanking him for his present of "Comus," which he calls "A dainty piece of entertainment; wherein," he adds, "I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: ipsa mollities." (*Reliq. Wotton. p. 343.*)

Milton has commended this letter in his "Defensio Secunda Populi Anglicani." "Abeuntem viri clarissimus Henricus Wootonus, qui ad Venetos Orator Jacobi Regis diu fuerat, et votis et præceptis eunti peregre sane utilissimis eleganti epistolâ perscriptis amicissime prosequutus est."

Page 193. *He felt into a fever, &c.*

The following beautiful hymn was written by him
in his sickness :

“ O thou great Power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die !
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

“ No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
O, precious ransom ! which, once paid,
That “ Consummatum est ” was said ;

“ And said by him that said no more,
But sealed it with his dying breath.
Thou then that hast dispunged my score,
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.”

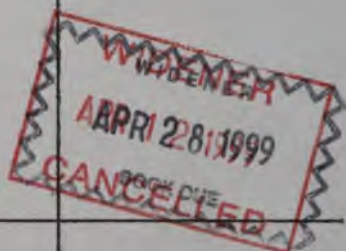


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